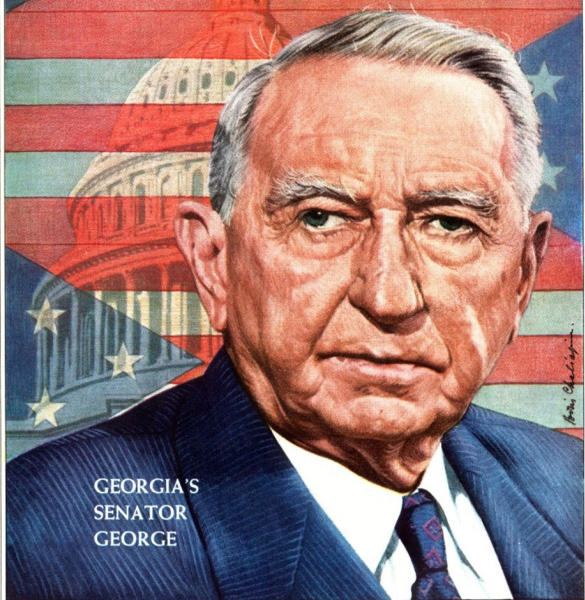


TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 25, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GEORGIA'S
SENATOR
GEORGE

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSN: 014-0161

VOL. LXV NO. 17

a world
apart...
a day away
on

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Fabulous festivals... rare shopping... enough wonderful travel experiences to enrich a lifetime! And it's all right on your doorstep when you fly Northwest's "Orient Express." These great new Super Constellations, world's finest overseas airliners, offer four First Class and four Tourist flights weekly.

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Gold-inlaid floats parade through
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B. F. Goodrich



Traction Express record: 103,000 miles to date, still going strong!

"WE use B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires on units hauling gasoline and oil with a gross load of 29 tons. The truck runs 60 hours a week, and the tires have already gone 103,000 miles. We never got more than 40,000 to 50,000 miles from other tires."

So writes B. J. Forbes (standing left above), President of Forbes Transfer Co., Wilson, N. C., whose 45 units also haul tobacco. Reports like this from users all over the country have

given the Traction Express the name, "the 100,000-mile truck tire".

All-Nylon Construction

B. F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express with an *all-nylon* cord body. Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials, can withstand double the impact, resist heat blowouts and flex breaks. The *all-nylon* Traction Express body outwears even the extra-thick tread—up to 46% thicker than that of

a regular tire—and can still be recapped over and over!

The Traction Express tread is compressed. The tire is molded with the beads close together. When mounted, air pressure spreads the beads to full rim width. The sidewalls act as levers, compressing the tread for greater abrasion resistance and added mileage.

See the money-saving *all-nylon* Traction Express today (rayon construction at lower prices). Your B. F. Goodrich retailer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of the phone book. Or write: The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Div., Akron 18, Ohio.



FORBES TRUCKS carry gasoline and oil throughout the Southeast, have never been held up by a Traction Express tire failure.



TRACTION EXPRESS cleats defy slippage. Patented BFG nylon shock shield gives more original mileage, more recappable tires.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks



**FLYING STILETTO
HURLS ITSELF
AT THE
HEAT BARRIER!**

Ripley's



AT SUSTAINED HIGH SPEEDS, SUPERSONIC PLANES HIT A NEW BARRIER--HEAT, CREATED BY AIR RUSHING OVER THE PLANE. IT WEAKENS METALS, TURNS WINDOWS SEARING HOT. PILOTS HAVE TO USE REFRIGERATION! TODAY THE X-3 FLYING STILETTO IS PITCHING ITSELF AGAINST THESE HIGH TEMPERATURES--MEASURING THE EFFECTS WITH SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS. TO FUEL THE X-3'S TWIN JETS THROUGH THESE GRUELING TRIALS REQUIRES EXCEPTIONALLY DEPENDABLE FUEL PUMPS. THE NEED IS MET BY FUEL PUMPS FROM B-W'S PESCO. THESE ARE DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND EXTREMES OF HEAT AS WELL AS EXTREMES OF COLD.



EVERY B-W AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION PRE-TESTED AT HIGHWAY SPEEDS--INDOORS! BEFORE ITS FINAL OKAY, A B-W AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION IS "DRIVEN" UNDER HIGH POWER IN AN INGENUOUS TESTING MACHINE. HERE IT HAS TO DO EVERYTHING IT WILL EVER DO IN A CAR ON AN ACTUAL ROAD--AND SATISFY SUPER-CRITICAL INSTRUMENTS DOING IT. THIS TEST IS AN IMPORTANT REASON FOR THE UNMATCHED SMOOTHNESS AND QUIET, THE SPLIT-SECOND SHIFTING SPEED OF B-W AUTOMATICS.



NEW "BALANCING ACT" GIVES THIS REFRIGERATOR A STEADIER CHILL!

IN TODAY'S NEWEST REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER COMBINATION, MADE BY B-W'S NORGE, EVERYTHING IS AUTOMATIC. THERE ARE NO MANUAL CONTROLS. THE SIMPLIFIED COLD-MAKING SYSTEM, BALANCES ITSELF TO KEEP TEMPERATURES PRECISE IN BOTH FREEZER CHEST AND STORAGE SECTION AND, BY BALANCING HUMIDITY AND COLD, IT PERMITS UNCOVERED FOODS TO BE STORED WITHOUT DRYING OUT OR WILTING.

**185 PRODUCTS
IN ALL ARE MADE BY** **BORG-WARNER**





TIME
April 25, 1955

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Volume LXV
Number 17

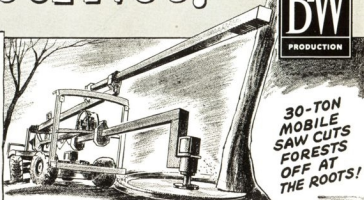
Believe It or Not!

BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS  **CONTAIN ESSENTIAL B-W PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE**  **AND MANY SHIPS**  **HAVE VITAL B-W COMPONENTS. 9 OUT OF 10 FARMS USE B-W EQUIPPED MACHINES. 25 MILLIONS ENJOY B-W HOME EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.** 

ENGINEERING
BW
PRODUCTION

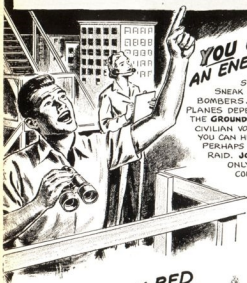
30-TON MOBILE SAW CUTS FORESTS OFF AT THE ROOTS!



YOU COULD STOP AN ENEMY AIR RAID!

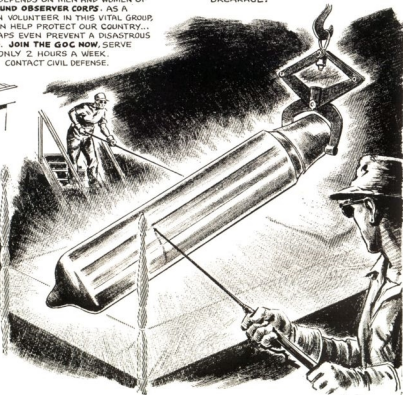
OUR RADAR WARNING SYSTEM GUARDS AGAINST SNEAK ATTACK BY HIGH-FLYING BOMBERS. BUT DETECTION OF LOW-FLYING PLANES DEPENDS ON MEN AND WOMEN OF THE **GROUND OBSERVER CORPS**. AS A CIVILIAN VOLUNTEER IN THIS VITAL GROUP, YOU CAN HELP PROTECT OUR COUNTRY... PERHAPS EVEN PREVENT A DISASTROUS RAID. **JOIN THE GOC NOW. SERVE ONLY 2 HOURS A WEEK. CONTACT CIVIL DEFENSE.**

IN A SINGLE DAY, THIS REVOLUTIONARY MACHINE CAN SAW DOWN 10 ACRES OF WORTHLESS TIMBER, FLUSH WITH THE GROUND... FREE THE LAND FOR BETTER USE. ITS TREMENDOUS 6-FOOT CIRCULAR SAW HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY **B-W'S ATKINS SAW**. PRECISION-TOOTHED AND RAZOR-SHARP, THIS SAW SEVERS 2-FOOT HARDWOOD TRUNKS IN SECONDS. TOUGH, DURABLE, IT RESISTS WEAR AND BREAKAGE.



TWO WEEKS IN BED GIVE STEEL MORE MUSCLE!

ALLOY **EDGING STEEL** IS MADE TO ORDER BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL STEEL** WITH PAINSTAKING CARE--EVEN TO THE WAY ITS COOLED. HUGE, GLOWING-HOT INGOTS ARE LAID IN SPECIAL "BEDS" AND SNUGLY COVERED WITH INSULATING COMPOUND. THEY REST 2 WEEKS OR MORE UNTIL THEIR TEMPERATURES DROP 2000 DEGREES. BY COOLING BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF THE INGOT EVENLY, THIS PROCESS INSURES STEEL THAT IS UNIFORM AND EXTRA-TOUGH CLEAR THROUGH.



These units form **BORG-WARNER**, Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago: **ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • FRANKLIN STEEL • HYDRAULIC PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL CONDITIONED AIR • INGERSOLL KALAMAZOO • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • LONG MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. • MARBON CHEMICAL • MARVEL-SCHIEBLER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN, LTD. • NORGE • PESCO PRODUCTS • REFLECTAL CORP. • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WARNER GEAR CO., LTD. • WAUSAU • WESTON HYDRAULICS, LTD. • WOOSTER DIVISION**



Nowadays, F. O. B. means Family Out Buying

The day is long past when a car dealer can chalk up a sale with just a "nuts and bolts" story to the family breadwinner.

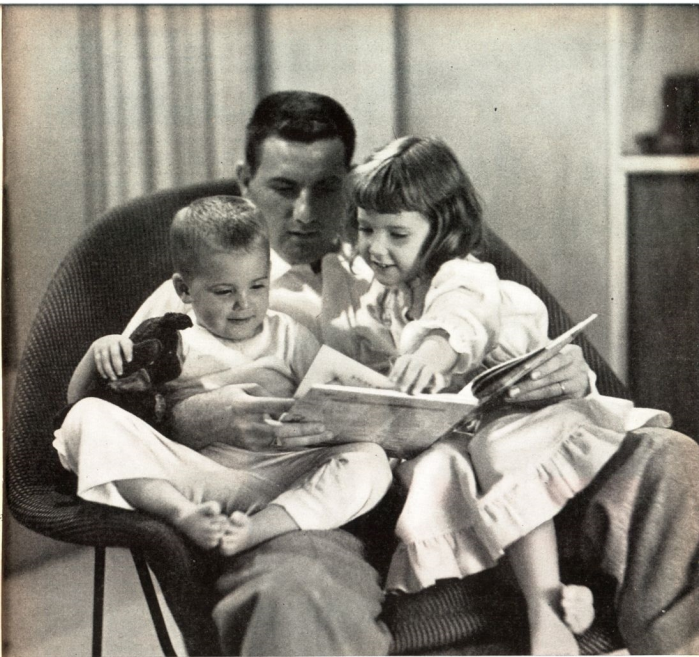
For the fact is, "togetherness" now rules the roost. Just check any showroom. While Pop has his head in the hood, Mom has her eye on the fabrics. While *he* talks horsepower, *she* tests power steering. And the low swing of that chariot aims to galvanize the younger generation.

And that's the way it goes whenever something new is

to be added—whether it's a car or a carpet, TV or settee, soup or soap, or shaver. These days, buying comes down to a vote, and *every* voice is heard from.

Still—and solely—in the vanguard of this major change is McCALL'S. Every month, McCALL'S mirrors the "togetherness" of America's families—in working, in playing, in shopping. Small wonder more and more advertisers are turning to this magazine. For McCALL'S is one timely vehicle in which products are powered to go places!

McCall's



What's it like to live in a Weathermaker Home?

No home improvement brings so many benefits as a Carrier Weathermaker® Air Conditioner

When you live in a Weathermaker Home, every member of the family shares the advantages of Carrier air conditioning every day. The entire house is warm in winter, cool in summer. Health is better. Appetites are keener. Entertaining is easier. And sleep is more restful.

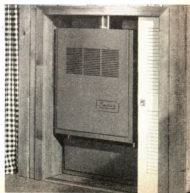
In your Weathermaker Home you need never put up screens or storm windows and you need never take them down; you keep out dust and insects and street noises.

Does this sound too good to be true? The fact is: there are Carrier Weathermakers designed for installation in any home, no matter how it is built or heated. And if you intend to build a new house, construction savings—made possible by air conditioning—will go a long way toward paying for your year-round Weathermaker.

The Carrier dealer listed in your Classified Telephone Directory has the new Weathermaker. See it and you'll see why more people enjoy Carrier air conditioning than any other make. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.

®Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The new 1955 Carrier Weathermaker takes less than 10 sq. ft. of floor space, installs in basement, attic, closet. Air-cooled—needs no water. Terms: 10% down, 36 months to pay.



Carrier first name in air conditioning

PREDICTION...

the **VISCOUNT**
will change your
travel habits!

One Viscount flight will convince you that here is travel at its best . . . exceptionally fast, yet incomparably silent and smooth. Be among the first to enjoy this new concept in flight.

The Viscount — world's first turbo-prop airliner — will be serving Capital cities soon.



Powered by  ROLLS-ROYCE

Capital
AIRLINES

SUIT BY HART SCHAFFNER & MARK

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

The task of selecting Man of the Year is so simple; it's Sir Winston for your Jan. 2, 1956 cover. Who else?

GEORGE M. RICHTER

Newton, Iowa

Decision in Asia

Sir:

TIME terms it a *non sequitur* when those who honestly believe so say that the defense of Quemoy and Matsu "will inevitably lead to a big war" (April 4). Is it necessarily a *sequitur* that the loss of the offshore islands will, as TIME believes, mean the loss of Formosa and all of Asia? I have much more faith than that in our Seventh Fleet . . .

A. KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

You suggest three major alternatives re Matsu and Quemoy. Isn't there a fourth? In the event of a Red attack, complete evacuation of all civilians and Nationalist troops from the two islands, coupled with a stern warning that any Reds who set foot on either island will be A-, H- and/or U-bombed from there.

W. D. SUTTON

Pittsburgh

The Maryknoll Story

Sir:

. . . The copy of TIME, April 11, that arrived in my study, containing an article on the Maryknoll Sisters, along with four pages of pictures captioned "Religious Garb, Uniforms of the Church in the U.S." I cannot let go unchallenged . . . The Roman Catholic Church is but one of the many churches in the United States, and, as a matter of fact, there are 15 Orders of Sisters in the Episcopal Church, Orders of Deaconesses with definite garbs in the Lutheran Church, and, I believe,

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TIME
April 25, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 17

TIME, APRIL 25, 1955



HANDY POWER does toilsome tasks easier and faster around homes, farms, factories and institutions—with versatile *Bolens* Garden Tractors.

A product of FMC's Bolens Products Division

fmc

puts ideas to work in outdoor
power equipment with...

New Tools for Tough Chores



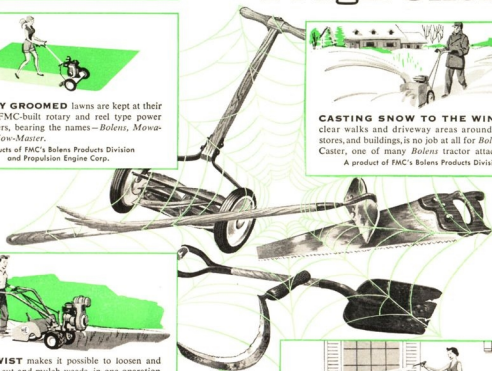
SMARTLY GROOMED lawns are kept at their best with FMC-built rotary and reel type power lawn mowers, bearing the names—*Bolens*, *Mow-matic* or *Mow-Master*.

Products of FMC's Bolens Products Division and Propulsion Engine Corp.



CASTING SNOW TO THE WINDS to clear walks and driveway areas around homes, stores, and buildings, is no job at all for *Bolens* Sno-Caster, one of many *Bolens* tractor attachments.

A product of FMC's Bolens Products Division



NEW TWIST makes it possible to loosen and aerate soil, cut and mulch weeds, in one operation—with *Bolens* M-E Rotary Tillers.

A product of FMC's Bolens Products Division



MECHANICAL MUSCLES do man-sized wood-cutting jobs—angle-cut, rip, under-buck or bore—rapidly and efficiently with *Bolens* powerful, easy-to-handle chain saws.

A product of FMC's Bolens Products Division



PROTECTIVE MISTS that kill garden and nursery pests are easily applied over small acreages with handy John Bean portable power sprayers.

A product of FMC's John Bean Division

Providing outdoor power equipment that lightens toil, saves time and adds pleasure to modern living, is just one of many ways by which FMC and its divisions serve not only the needs of homeowners, but of agriculture and industry.

For the complete FMC story, write for illustrated brochure PRA-1054, "PUTTING IDEAS TO WORK."



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EXECUTIVE OFFICES: SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

DIVISIONS: Bolens Products • Canning Machinery • Florida • John Bean • Mechanical Foundries • Niagara Chemical • Ohio-Apex • Packing Equipment • Peerless Pump
Westvaco Chlor-Alkali • Westvaco Mineral Products • Fairfield Chemical • Becca Chemical • SUBSIDIARIES: Propulsion Engine Corporation • Simplex
Packaging Machinery • Smith Industries • Stokes & Smith Company • Chicago Pump • Oakes Manufacturing Company • Kingsbury & Davis Machine Company

The NEW Look in Florsheim

* LOTOPS

...Charcoal Brown

The apparel color is Charcoal Brown—and Florsheim "follows suit"—with the new, the exclusive, the authentic shoe color for Spring and Summer! And because Florsheim uses only the choicest of premium materials, you're sure the hue is true if your Charcoal Browns are Florsheim LOTOPS.

**If it isn't a Florsheim
it isn't a LOTOP*



The LOTOP, S-1496;
charcoal brown calf/skin;
hand threaded front.

Most Florsheim Styles
\$17.95 and higher



The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago 6 • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

there are a few orders of sisterhood in the Russian and Greek Churches in America. I am anti nothing—Roman Catholic, Jewish or Negro—but I believe in playing fair with every organization . . .

(THE REV.) MELFORD LOSEE BROWN
The Church of the Ascension
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

There has never been a more beautiful face on the cover of TIME than that of Maryknoll's Mother Mary Columba.

(MRS.) C. R. PASSANTINO
Middle Village, N.Y.

Sir:

Let me as a Protestant protest . . . The biggest thing that happened that week was Easter, and to put a Roman Catholic on the cover of your magazine (which is carried all over the world) certainly sets the religion of Jesus Christ back pretty far . . . At least you could have put a good Protestant missionary on your cover. We don't get enough publicity for the good we do . . .

HELEN M. HOFFMAN

Philadelphia

Sir:

It was with intense interest that I read your story. While I am a Protestant and cannot agree with the theology of the Roman Catholic nuns and sisters, I admire them for their lives of faithful service and unselfishness . . .

CHARLES BRITT

Hazleton, Pa.

Sir:

The article on Mother Mary Columba and the Maryknoll Sisters is magnificent . . . The accompanying pictures of the habits of the various religious orders in the U.S. brought to mind an anecdote. About five years ago I was converted to the Roman Catholic faith—coming from a long line of Baptist preachers and Seventh-Day Adventists. When trying to explain the mission of sisters and nuns in the religious life to an oldtime Southern Baptist aunt of mine, I seemed to be getting no place until she finally conceded one point: "At least those nuns don't run around half-naked like most women nowadays . . ."

DONALD R. FERGUSON

Takoma Park, Md.

Sir:

Thanks for a fine tribute to a fine lot of ladies who give service "without measure" . . . and a special cheer for the women of Maryknoll.

(MRS.) WM. E. BIRCH SR.

Miami

Sir:

Following the way of St. Francis, "We must keep on hoeing and await God's will." . . . In times such as these, it is surely comforting to be told of the unselfish zeal of the Maryknolls, Carmelites, and many other religious working and praying for our survival. These religious are the hoers in the garden of eternity . . . Many thanks for the fine article.

FRANCIS RODGERS

Albany, N.Y.

Sergeant's Friend

Sir:

Your article on Premier Ngo Dinh Diem [April 4] was of special interest to me, since the Premier and I are very close friends; we became acquainted at Maryknoll Seminary, Lakewood, N.J., where I was a seminarian . . . As a man, his humility and understanding of people is admirable . . . he found himself at home among the seminarians.

target

tomorrow

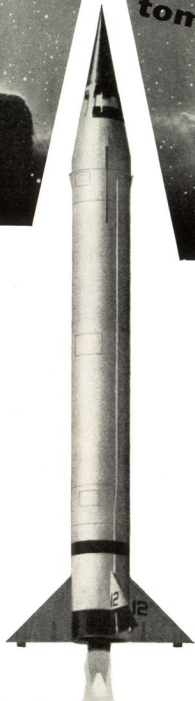
Shown here is a giant step
toward tomorrow.

Conceived and developed
by a team of Martin people
who have been working with
Navy scientists since 1946,
Viking 12 is the latest of a series of
high-altitude research vehicles.

It was designed to explore the
problems of controlled flight
in the near-vacuum conditions
of the outer atmosphere and
at speeds in excess of 4,000 m.p.h.

In this long-range Viking program,
technical problems are
continuously being solved
which support advancements that
are now being made toward the next
frontier of flight—rockets having
intercontinental ranges.

And beyond that lies space itself!



MARTIN
BALTIMORE • MARYLAND



*in Rome or at home,
the stars come out AFTER SIX*



Red Skelton is a famed fashion plate, too! When performing or party-going, **AFTER SIX** summer formals are his choice for style distinction, easy-going elegance and incredibly weightless comfort.

After Six
BY RUDDY

"Stain Shy" Rayon Dinner Jacket, 26.95
Orion-Rayon Blend Dinner Jacket, 32.50
"Tony Martin" Silk Shantung Jacket, 65.00
"Parfait Color" Dinner Jacket, 37.50
Lined With Earl-Glo Bemberg
Cummerbund & Cummerbund Sets, 7.50 to 15.00

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies and Canada

RED SKELTON
CBS Television Star

WRITE FOR FREE DRESS CHART AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER • RUDD SUMWEAR, INC., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

ians, who came to respect, admire and love him. My hopes are that he does gain complete control of and independence for South Vietnam...

(SGT.) HECTOR A. SOUCY
U.S.A.F.

Fort Bragg, N.C.

The Senators & the Squirrels

Sir:

Senator Capehart disguised "as an ancient Roman senator" [March 21]! Senator Mundt disguised as Wild Bill Hickok and a picture of Senator Neuberger feeding a squirrel [April 4]!... Our \$22,500 (plus perquisites) congressional beauties sure can think up some weird excuses for earning their money.

HARRY P. SWEENEY

Thomaston, Me.

Sir:

I'm not sure why Senator Neuberger is so interested in the squirrels, but the interest of the squirrel in the Senator is understandable.

R. G. COLE

Chicago

Well Done in Bangkok

Sir:

TIME, March 28, carried a very good story about the school for the blind children here in Bangkok. By coincidence, the previous day the children from this school were entertained at an ice-cream-and-cake party given



U.S. SAILOR & GUEST

aboard the U.S. destroyer *Kyes*... It was a very touching and heart-warming sight to see the sailors pick up these children and carry them up the gangway. Officers and men took up a collection of \$500 for the school, and sent the children off with some good things to eat for the future. Like TIME, they felt that Miss Caulfield deserves "well done" for her work.

EARL J. WILSON

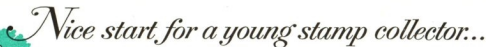
Bangkok, Thailand

Marriages in Israel

Sir:

Re "Mixed Marriages in Israel" [April 4]: my hat is off to Moshe Barak's courage and determination to defend what he believes in. I am appalled to see a government founded by people for whom personal liberty has been a 3,000-year tradition sacrifice its basic principles for political expediency at a time when the eyes of the world are upon it. Israel has earned a very bad press

TIME, APRIL 25, 1955



From New York
\$1,347⁸⁵*
Tourist Class

See your travel agent or write KLM for your FREE copy of "Fly Round the World."
*Plus U.S. tax where applicable.





so wright

in **STYLE** and **EXTRA COMFORT**

Here's blissful comfort for the man-of-action whose feet rebel at the hectic pace. Wright Arch Preservers built-in comfort features make the hardest day feel easy. They're easy on the eyes, too. Step into your nearest dealer and try on a pair of Wright Arch Preservers. You'll step out in comfort you never thought possible.

Shoes illustrated:—our new low-cut WHIPPET pattern. Available in luxurious Call-mere (polished llama finished calf)—in charcoal brown—in spring-time brown—in gleaming black.

wright

arch preserver
shoes

4 FEATURES FOR SOLID COMFORT



1. Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank.
2. Metatarsal raise—for weight distribution.
3. Flat forepart—permits foot exercise.
4. Heel-to-ball fitting—shoe fits to foot action.

lately; we had hoped it would become a cornerstone of democracy in the Near East. Now I wonder.

DON SHERMAN

Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Correct Summer Wear

Sir:

I refer to your March 28 review of *One Summer of Happiness*: would TIME care to name the "14 states where nudity is permitted on the screen"?

DAMON KNIGHT
(will travel)

Canadensis, Pa.

¶ California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Texas, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming.—Ed.

Caudillo & Commentator

Sir:

TIME, March 21, reported the experiences of Fulton Lewis Jr. in Spain . . . It was fun to know that he "huffily" ran out of the country—only 72 hours after he had arrived—without having seen Franco.

Recently there cometh over the radio a word-by-word interview given Lewis by Franco . . . Is it possible that TIME erred in its original account? . . .

V. A. ROBERTSON

San Diego, Calif.

Sir:

. . . Madrid's papers showed pictures of Lewis shaking hands with Franco . . .

VICENTE OLMO

Madrid

¶ Radio & TV Commentator Lewis took off for Germany, where he attempted to interview Chancellor Adenauer (who was ill). From Germany he requested a new interview with Franco. Later (after TIME's story), Lewis flew back to Madrid, where he and the Generalissimo met.—Ed.

Churches in Rome

Sir:

Your March 14 article on Cline R. Paden and the Church of Christ in Rome . . . gave a very unfavorable impression of the church and its efforts to have freedom of religion in Italy . . . The struggle which the Church of Christ is having is not unique; it is parallel with the struggle of other non-Catholic religious bodies in Italy . . .

M. NORVEL YOUNG
Editor

20th Century Christian
Lubbock, Texas

Sir:

. . . Freedom of the press does not give you the right to slander, ridicule and injure . . . Such hit-and-run journalism will create the need for the pronouncement of the fifth freedom—freedom from the press!

CLINE R. PADEN

Rome

State of the Sketch

Sir:

TIME [March 21] is in error when it reports that the London *Daily Sketch's* circulation has jumped "from 600,000 to 1,000,000 in 18 months." The figure when Herbert Gunn took over from me was 803,000. In the previous nine months, the circulation had risen by 175,000.

HENRY CLAPP

Wimbledon, England

FOR NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO: E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASSACHUSETTS



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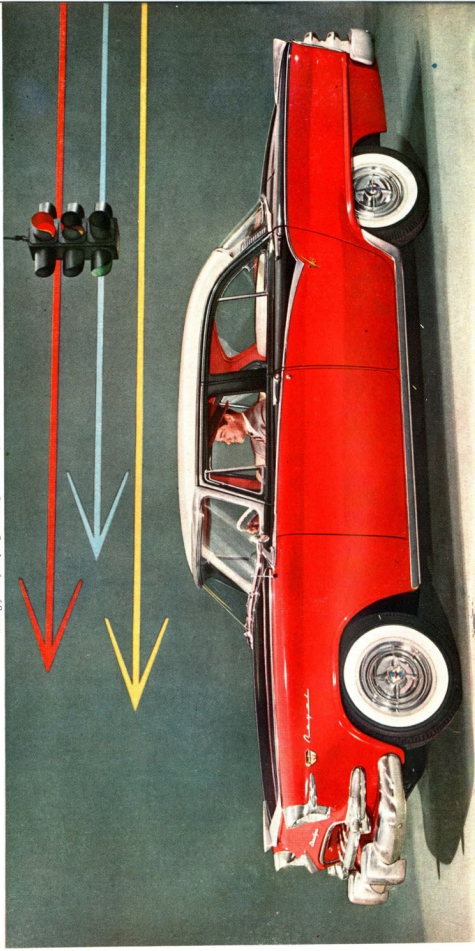
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

ONE morning last week a group of West German journalists visiting TIME were surprised to meet in the corridors a file of men, like bearers for an African safari, carrying large canvas-covered crates. As the journalists watched, the men opened the crates, hauled out floodlights and began to unroll rolls of heavy cable. When the Germans came to my office, I could not receive them there; the place was a jungle of light standards, camera tripods and booms for microphones.

We had to explain to our visitors that even for TIME this was an unusual morning. A camera crew had come to film television sequences for the British Broadcasting Corp. According to the script, TIME's Foreign News Editor Thomas Griffith and a few members of his writing staff were to re-enact one of the frequent story conferences that are an important part of TIME's editorial work. BBC plans to show the film later this month on its popular TV program, *London Town*, to give Britons an insight into TIME's editorial operations.

The German journalists had come to see these operations for themselves. Since the end of World War II, when TIME's international editions succeeded the special wartime editions for the armed forces abroad, our editorial offices have become a magnet for foreign journalists. They have come to us from, among other places, Helsinki and Karachi, Turin and Cali.

IN 1952, the United States Information Agency made a visit to TIME a part of its three-month orientation tour of the U.S. for the foreign editors and writers employed by the agency as cultural and information specialists in cities all over the world. The 13

Germans, five women and eight men, were the third USIA group to visit us since the first of this year.

For four hours, as these visitors from West Germany's major cities toured the editorial floors, paused in the wire room to read snatches of reports coming in over the teletypes from our domestic and foreign bureaus and inspected the morgue and the teletype-setting section, they laid down a barrage of questions about TIME.

Their interest was more than passing. TIME, to them, is one of their principal weapons for dealing with the flood of Communist propaganda that sweeps into their home areas from Eastern Germany—and points farther east. In the North Rhine-Westphalia area alone, reported Hans Joachim Oertel of Düsseldorf, 256 Communist journals are distributed. TIME, he found, was his best rebuttal to their propaganda.

Said Oertel: "Time is believed in—that is its great asset in Germany. Editors use it as an archive and as a guide to the meaning and the significance of news from other parts of the world."

AS a wartime organizer of the Office of War Information, one of the USIA's parent bodies, I have continued a lively interest in the cultural and information activities of this agency abroad. To me its influence in the cold war on men's minds is as essential as it was in the hot war against their lives. It has been indeed gratifying to note the intellectual range and the vivacity of these foreign colleagues who interpret U.S. democracy—its ideals and aspirations—for their fellow countrymen in so many lands.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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The man who stole 9 tons of codfish!

(AND OTHER ODD CRIMES) by Mr. Friendly

HE was a trusted employee... and so he was able to swipe 9 tons of salt codfish before anyone knew how fishy he really was.

Another hard worker removed \$200,000 worth of solder from his company without charging overtime!

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

DEMOCRATS

Groping

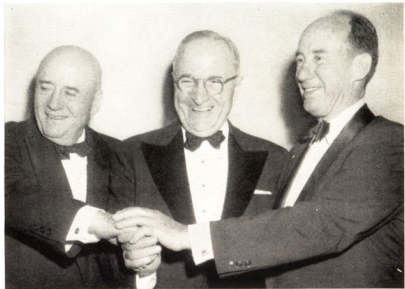
With the great political contest of 1956 beginning to occupy the minds of politicians across the U.S., the challengers trotted out onto the field last week and began to warm up. As they threw a few trial curves, tried a little batting practice and issued their predictions of the season's outcome, leaders of the Democratic Party exuded unity and optimism. But the way they threw and hit and ran only served to illustrate that they have a serious problem.

Facing the fact that the Republicans have a tremendously popular President in the White House, the Democratic Party is groping for a good political position. On the key issue currently being argued in the U.S.—China policy—Democrats on Capitol Hill have found a position. Led by Georgia's Walter George, the party's foreign-policy spokesman, nearly all Democrats in Congress joined the Republicans in giving President Eisenhower full discretion to employ U.S. military forces in the Formosa Strait.

In a speech last week, Senate Foreign Relations Chairman George (*see below*) repeatedly that stand, and expressed confidence that Dwight Eisenhower "will go prepared by the best advice and will bring his own great experience to bear. He will do what good men have done down through the ages. He will go into his closet, and face to face with his God, will make his decision."

"In Humility." While the Democratic Party's congressional foreign-policy leader was preparing to speak thus, the party's titular leader was taking a quite different position. On a national radio network, Adlai Stevenson in effect seriously questioned the wisdom of Walter George and the U.S. Congress. Said Stevenson: "While our President has great military experience, perhaps it is not improper to ask whether any man can read the mind of an enemy within a few hours of . . . an attack and determine whether, at some later date, the enemy plans to go further . . ."

Stevenson had his own proposals: "relinquish" the Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy and Matsu to the Chinese Communists, and ask the United Nations to seek a permanent status—"independence, neutralization, trusteeship, plebiscite, or whatever is wisest"—for Formosa. As it thus bowed gracefully to the will of other nations, said Stevenson, the U.S. should stand before the world "in humility."



DEMOCRATS RAYBURN, TRUMAN & STEVENSON
After batting practice, a change of pace.

Associated Press

With this clear separation of Democratic positions on the record, 3,500 Democrats gathered in Washington at week's end to raise hope and money, and to honor one of their oldest hands, House Speaker Sam Rayburn. There the faithful chose to put their differences behind them. Joining in the tributes to Texan Rayburn, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson said: "Back in 1952 a lot of our folks [in Texas] got excited over tideland oil, so they voted Republican. Well, we got Ike and we got our tideland, and it hasn't rained since. Now we're caking our cows,* quarreling with our wives, and praying to God for forgiveness and a Democratic Administration."

But even as Texan Johnson spoke and Texan Rayburn was honored, the Texas seat on the Democratic National Committee remained vacant, and Texas Democratic Governor Alan Shivers, who led his state into the Eisenhower camp in 1952, refused to join in the festivities.

"We Can Lick Anybody!" Since the internal pain was not as bad as it often has been in the Democratic Party, the leadership hoped to rally everyone for an

attack on the foe. National Chairman Paul Mutholland Butler urged all the faithful to take a bold anti-Eisenhower position, "to pinpoint the mistakes and the confusion of the Administration on the President himself." Mrs. Katie Louchheim, the party's Director of Women's Activities, promptly did her bit by characterizing the Eisenhower Administration as "muddle of the road." Cried Philadelphia Contractor-Publisher (the *News*) Matt McCloskey, Democratic national treasurer: "This business that we can't lick Eisenhower is crazy. We can lick anybody!"

Into the chorus moved Harry Truman, who charged that the Eisenhower Administration has almost destroyed the fine heritage he left to the nation. Truman told a \$100-a-plate Rayburn dinner that a conspiracy on the part of the press is preventing the people from learning just how bad the situation in Washington is (*see Press*). Then Truman, onetime protégé of the late Tom Pendergast, made a remarkable charge against the Republicans. "I regret to say that we have not seen such cynical political behavior in any Administration since the early '20s," he said.

When Rayburn rose to speak, almost everyone at the dinner expected him to carry on along the same line; in recent months his anti-Eisenhower tone has been

* Feeding them cakes of cottonseed meal to supplement or replace drought-stricken range grass and alfalfa.

much more pronounced than that of most other Democratic leaders. But Mr. Sam fooled his listeners. He argued that the Democrats have been supporting the President's policies more fervently than the right wing of the Republican Party. Said he: "Our hearts go out to President Eisenhower as, in the terrible loneliness that surrounds Presidents, he wrestles with the problems of life and death that confront the nation."

At the end of the first week's hard workout, it was clear that the Democrats had not hit a steady stride for the 1956 season. Their main source of optimism was the deep division among the Republicans, but, ironically, the Democrats were divided over what was the best way to take advantage of the Republican division.

POLITICAL NOTES

"Irrevocable"

Warming up to the 1956 poll-taking season, George Gallup sent his interviewers out to ask: If President Eisenhower does not run, who is your choice for the Republican presidential nomination? Among Republican voters, Gallup reported last week, the top choices were: U.S. Chief Justice Earl Warren 25%, Vice President Richard Nixon 19%, former New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey 11%.

Two days after Gallup announced his results, the No. 1 second choice of Republicans made his position unmistakably clear. Said Chief Justice Warren: "My name has been used as a possible candidate for the presidency. This has been a matter of embarrassment to me because it reflects upon the performance of my duties as Chief Justice of the United States. When I accepted that position, it was with the fixed purpose of leaving politics permanently for service on the court. That is still my purpose. It is irrevocable. I will not change it under any circumstances or conditions."

THE SUPREME COURT When?

Eleven months after its historic proclamation that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal," the U.S. Supreme Court last week heard a parade of lawyers suggest ways to enforce its ban on racially segregated schools. The simplest proposal came from the National Association for the Advancement of Col-



CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN
Fixed purpose.

ored People. Its representatives wanted the court to set a firm deadline for complete integration, not later than September 1956. Lawyers for Southern and border states pleaded for delay. Delaware's Attorney General J. D. Craven resisted any definite deadline, saying: "We are a divided and a troubled people . . . I think it would be presumptuous of me to name a date."

S. E. Rogers, representing South Carolina's Clarendon County, said: "We are not in the position of Kansas, [with] only a few Negroes. We are not in the position



COUNSEL MARSHALL
Fixed deadlines.

of the District of Columbia, where our school authorities are not responsible to the people . . . We are an agricultural community . . . The problem could not be solved by just moving away—we are tied to the land."

A Question of Honesty. In an interchange with Rogers, Chief Justice Earl Warren brought forth a significant admission: the Southerners' request that enforcement be left, without deadlines, to U.S. District Courts really cloaks an intention to resist desegregation. Warren asked: "You are not willing to say that there would be an honest attempt to conform to this decree, if we did leave it to the District Court?"

Blurted Rogers: "No, I am not. Let us get the word honest out of there."

Warren: "No, leave it in."

Rogers: "No, because I would have to tell you that right now we would not conform. We would not send our white children to the Negro schools."

Justice Warren seemed on the verge of losing his temper. He started to reply, stopped, then said curtly to Rogers: "Thank you."

A Matter of Opinion. Other Southern states sent envoys to plead delay. Florida's Attorney General Richard Ervin quoted Isaiah: "He that believeth, shall not make haste." North Carolina's Assistant Attorney General Beverly Lake referred to an old case. "This court," said he, "allowed the city of New York four years . . . to decide what to do with its garbage." Texas' Attorney General John Ben Shepperd drew a laugh by citing a public-opinion poll, which showed that 45% of sampled Texans are dead set on keeping segregation, only 14% favor desegregation. The same polling agency, said Shepperd, predicted Truman's 1948 election. Queried Justice Felix Frankfurter: "That makes it scientific?"

U.S. Solicitor General Simon Sobeloff, a Marylander, offered "the counsel of moderation, but with a degree of firmness." This, he explained, meant no deadline for completing integration, but a deadline of 90 days (plus extensions if needed) for submitting plans to the District Courts. The lower courts should be told not to allow time "for the purpose of paralyzing action or of emasculating the court's decision," said Sobeloff, adding that the "prestige of this court is such that people will be disposed to abide by the law and not invent spurious reasons for delay."

The N.A.A.C.P.'s hard-hitting Thurgood Marshall disagreed. The Southern states are asking for "either a moratorium on the enforcement of the 14th Amendment or local option . . . There is no place for local option in our Constitution," declared Marshall.

After listening to 13 hours and 40 minutes of argument (spread over four days), the court began wrestling privately with one of the most difficult decisions it has ever confronted. It is almost certain to hand down a decision before recessing in mid-June.

* Two U.S. Supreme Court Justices have been nominated for the presidency. In 1916 Charles Evans Hughes, then an Associate Justice, accepted the G.O.P. nomination, was defeated by Woodrow Wilson, returned to the court in 1930 as Chief Justice. In 1952 Associate Justice David Davis, appointed to the court a decade earlier by his good friend Abraham Lincoln, accepted the Labor Reform Party's nomination, hoping that it would be a steppingstone to victory in the Liberal Republican convention. When the Liberal Republicans turned him down, Davis withdrew from the Labor nomination, did not resign from the court.

THE ADMINISTRATION

90-Day Wonder

Recently, after a chat with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Edward Corsi complained: "He was sympathetic but his mind appeared to be elsewhere, on the big international things, Quemoy and Matsu." Last week the problem of Edward Corsi thrust itself forcefully upon Dulles—and the front pages—along with the big international things.

Title on Request. Secretary Dulles introduced burly, bald Ed Corsi to Washington newsmen on Dec. 30 as an "old friend" and newly chosen consultant, summoned from New York to help speed up immigration under the 1953 Refugee Relief Act. Dulles labeled him "the best qualified man in the U.S." for the job: Corsi came to the U.S. as an immigrant lad himself, rose to become U.S. Commissioner of Immigration, served as New York Industrial Commissioner, ran unsuccessfully as Republican candidate for mayor of New York and U.S. Senator.

In passing the Refugee Relief Act, Congress had specifically assigned its administration to the State Department's Security Director, Scott McLeod. Corsi, however, felt that his position should rank McLeod; he wanted to be named special assistant to the Secretary of State. While he was on a European tour, checking up on the refugee program, he was given the title in a cable from Dulles.

Corsi planned to recruit 10,000 refugee German farmers for field labor in California, in place of Mexican wetbacks. He hoped to bring in a shipload of 1,000 immigrant Italian cooks and bakers, and maybe a shipload of tailors, too, to come steaming up the Hudson in time for a July 4 picnic. He wanted to short-cut the act's delaying provisions, which require advance guarantees of jobs and housing for refugees. Unfortunately, some of his plans collided with the law as written by Congress; moreover, he initially refused to take his place as McLeod's deputy in charge of the refugee program.

On March 16 McLeod offered Corsi two choices: 1) become deputy, or 2) retire "gracefully and with dignity" by taking a special temporary job surveying immigration in South America. Corsi hesitated. He felt, McLeod said, that "the title [deputy] didn't have a very good ring to it." Furthermore, as Corsi said later, he was "ashamed" of his "rat hole in the wall" State Department office. Meanwhile, Pennsylvania's Democratic Congressman Francis Walter attacked Corsi on the ground that he had once belonged to some Communist front groups. At his news conference on April 5, Dulles disclosed publicly for the first time that Corsi's job had only a 90-day tenure. Understandably, the press jumped to the conclusion that Congressman Walter's attack had prompted Dulles to fire Corsi. It kept jumping as Dulles and other Administration sources, on and off the record, made one bumbling explanation after another of the Corsi case.

Last week the 90 days were up and Corsi quit, with a letter to Secretary Dulles denouncing "an intolerant minority, both in Congress and within the State Department itself, which believes that in this world there are superior and inferior races. These people are sabotaging the refugee program and have brought about my elimination."

Who Does What? Near week's end, North Dakota's Republican Senator William Langer began an investigation. He summoned before his Senate Immigration subcommittee, as its first witness, the State Department's McLeod, who defended his administration of the refugee



EX-CONSULTANT CORSI
As hot as Quemoy and Matsu.

program. His report: 24,810 immigrant visas issued so far, and another 75,587 being processed out of 214,000 permitted by the act, with 20 months still to go.

As for Corsi, McLeod said unhappily: "I could never tie Mr. Corsi down as to what he was doing, or I was doing, or who was running the program."

THE PRESIDENCY

18-Hole Cure

President Eisenhower opened the American League season last week with an easy, overhead toss (see NEWS IN PICTURES), then grabbed his shoulder with his left hand and made a grimace of pain. His bursitis was acting up. Washington Senators Manager Charley Dressen suggested a vibrator, but Ike had a treatment of his own: eight days of golf in Augusta. Curiously enough, his bursitis seems both to be improved by golf and to improve his game. Golf's controlled, smooth motions help the presidential shoulder, and the controlled, smooth motions made necessary by bursitis subdue Ike's tendency to whale the ball, thus help his score.

At 7:30 the next morning, he left

aboard the *Columbine* for a golfer's vacation. On the way to Augusta the President made one quick stop to receive an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from his old friend and comrade-in-arms, General Mark Wayne Clark, who is now president of the Citadel, "the Military College of South Carolina."

Along the twelve-mile ride from the Charleston airfield to the campus, the President stood in the back of an open convertible, waving his left, nonpitching arm to the South Carolinians who lined the route. He remarked to General Clark "This looks like campaign time."

A Soldier's First Duty. In a speech to Citadel cadets the President compared the responsibility of a soldier yesterday and today: "Today, a man to do his duty in the military services must study humanity first of all—what makes humans tick . . . You must be one of the principal apostles of peace . . . You must try to understand the heart of America, and how to translate that heart to other peoples . . . You cannot be leaders unless you understand each other and help nations understand each other. The scope of the understanding you must achieve far transcends what your illustrious commandant and I understood when we were waiting on the plain at West Point 40 or more years ago, receiving our diplomas . . ."

As he turned away from the microphones, the onetime West Point cadet was heard to say, "I hope I didn't talk too long." He flew to Augusta, arriving before 1 in the afternoon. Minutes after he reached the Augusta National Golf Club, Ike was out on the practice tee. In spite of intermittent rain he got in plenty of golf, including rounds with Ben Hogan and new Masters Champion Dr. Cary Middlecoff. Besides relaxing, the President last week:

❑ Approved a plan for sharing atomic information with 13 NATO nations, "a great stride forward in the strengthening of our common defense."

❑ Nominated State Department Careerman G. (for George) Frederick Reinhardt to be Ambassador to Viet Nam.

❑ Outlined his views on the liquidation of the Foreign Operations Administration June 30. They are: the State Department should continue to have policy control; the military should add supervision of nonmilitary items, e.g., Army coats and shoes, to the distribution of weapons; and a new agency, called the International Cooperation Administration, should be created within the State Department to handle the details.

❑ Heard "a general roundup of world developments" by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who flew to Augusta for lunch. Dulles said that one subject discussed was the recent buildup of military power by the Chinese Communists opposite Formosa. Questioned by reporters, Dulles said that the buildup is "more intensive and more broad in its scope than anything we have recently known . . . This indicates a higher degree of [Communist] capability than we anticipated a few weeks ago."



AP Wirephoto



NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRESIDENT



Associated Press

AT EGG ROLL, on White House lawn, Ike greets some of the 17,000 children and parents assembled for Easter fun. Fence protected shrubbery (and Ike) from crowd.

AT BALL GAME with Owner Clark Griffith of Washington Senators (right), he throws out first ball, despite painful bursitis in right arm, to open major-league season.



AT CHARLESTON, he hops from jeep to review Citadel cadets before getting degree from General Mark Clark (at left), president of the military school in South Carolina.

AT EASTERTIDE



Associated Press



AT THE CITADEL, a Southern welcome is extended by former South Carolina Governor James F. Byrnes and Mrs. Byrnes.



International



Associated Press

AT AUGUSTA, he practices chip shots under eyes of Masters Winner Middlecoff (in cap) and Press Secretary Hagerty.

THE CONGRESS

Voice of the 84th

(See Cover)

The U.S. Congress is a complex and subtle organization, but sometimes its changing character and mood can be understood through a single individual. The First Congress, determined to keep alive a newborn nation by profiting from the mistakes of past civilizations, listened respectfully to cautionary historical precedents presented by scholarly James Madison. The 25th Congress, struggling to maintain unity in a divided nation, listened fearfully as John C. Calhoun mobilized the minority to arrest the will of the majority. The 39th Congress, filled with anger as it viewed the ashes of civil war,

him inevitably to the middle of the political road, is peculiarly fitted to the present mood of the nation and the problems of the 84th Congress.

The 84th Congress is deeply concerned with the destiny of the U.S. in a world of upheaval. So is Walter George. The Congress is vitally interested in a stable national economy. So is George. The Congress does not seek to spoonfeed the nation with welfare cure-alls or sociological pink pills. Neither does George.

A Superb Job. At 77, Walter George is in his 50th year of public service, his 33rd year in the Senate. As the Senate's dean, George holds the respect that the politicians give a man who has been consistently successful in the business of winning elections. As the longtime chairman of the

eral Republicans had grave doubts. By the time he sat down after a brilliant oratorical display, the opposition had been shattered. Next day the resolution passed, 85 to 3. President Eisenhower wrote thanking George for a "superb" job, later telephoned additional congratulations. Secretary of State Dulles went to George's Mayflower hotel apartment and escorted the Senator to the White House for the ceremony of signing the resolution. The united front that the U.S. had turned to the world was a direct result of George's work.

George took the initiative in urging that a four-power conference be held this year. The suggestion quickly became a rallying cry for other Democrats (none of whom George had consulted beforehand). Only after the plan was established as a politically attractive Democratic idea did President Eisenhower let it be known that his thoughts were—and had been for some time—much the same as George's.

The climactic battle of the 84th Congress will come on the Administration's liberalized foreign-trade bill. Walter George, in his dual role of Democratic fiscal and foreign-affairs expert, will play the key part. A longtime reciprocal trader, still holding firm against protectionist pressures from Georgia's textile and plywood industries, he may make the difference between an adequate bill and one riddled with amendments granting tariff sops to individual industries.

When House Speaker Sam Rayburn pushed a patently political \$20-a-head income-tax cut through the House, it faced a humiliating defeat in the Senate. Lyndon Johnson came up with a formula for watering down Rayburn's bill that was so appealing that it lost (by six votes) only because Walter George did not support it. If he had, it would have passed by six or seven votes.

Democratic Leader Johnson had had high hopes of swinging George to the side of the tax cutters. When he failed, he learned only what others (notably Presidents Roosevelt and Truman) had learned before him—that Walter Franklin George is a highly independent man. But unlike most political independents, he steers clear of the extremes of left and right.

A Scotch Verdict. George's dogged adherence to the middle of the road has sometimes caused him trouble. The New Deal regarded him as the darkest sort of reactionary (just as some reactionaries suspected him of being a New Dealer). During the first six years of the Roosevelt Administration, George voted with the New Deal some 60% of the time, supporting NRA (reluctantly), AAA (even more reluctantly), the invalidation of the gold clause, the Wagner Labor Relations Act, the Securities and Exchange Commission, Social Security and TVA. But he fought the New Deal on the wage-hour bill, the Wagner housing bill, and the Roosevelt plan to pack the Supreme Court. The late Pundit Raymond Clapper summed up the New Deal quandary: "I don't consider Mr. George a New Dealer. Yet, when I try to diagram the proof out



SENATOR GEORGE IN VIENNA
The word is *re-e-easonable*.

Robert W. Kelley—Lynn

followed the vengeful leadership of Thaddeus Stevens. In 1955 the 84th Congress represents a nation long weary of crisis and war, panaceas and promises. It is symbolized by a man whose son says: "He doesn't have a remedy for everything that ails the universe." The 84th's most influential figure is Georgia's Democratic Senator Walter Franklin George.

Walter George's favorite word is "reasonable." He pronounces it fondly, strongly stressing and dragging out the first syllable. To every problem that comes up before him, George applies the test of reasonableness. Example: during World War II, when the profit margin that should be allowed certain industries was a subject of boiling political controversy, a newsman asked Finance Committee Chairman George for his views. Replied George: "I'd think about 8% would be *re-e-easonable*. Maybe 6%. Possibly as high as 10%. But 8% is probably the most *re-e-easonable*." In U.S. politics reasonableness has not always been the way to leadership. But Walter George's approach, leading

Finance Committee, he is the Senate's acknowledged tax expert. As the current chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he is the Senate's Democratic spokesman on foreign policy. And as a Southern moderate, he is on the friendliest terms with the Northern liberals, e.g., he wangled a place on the U.S. delegation to the SEATO conference for his protégé, Montana's able Senator Mike Mansfield, and he offered to campaign last year for Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey (who gratefully declined because he wanted a Minnesotans-only campaign).

With Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson skillfully backing him, George has effortlessly become the outstanding figure of the 84th Congress.

He led the Formosa resolution, the SEATO pact and the Paris agreements to overwhelming Senate approval. When he arose to speak on the Formosa resolution one January day, there were worried, even hostile faces in the chamber. Nearly a score of Democrats were ready for a last-ditch fight against the resolution, and sev-

of the record, I can't do it. You have to give Mr. George a Scotch verdict—guilty, but not proven."

Franklin Roosevelt, unforgiving of George's leadership in defeating the court-packing plan, thought he could diagram the man from Georgia as a reactionary. On Aug. 11, 1938 Roosevelt went to Barnesville, Ga., spoke as the "adopted son" of "my other state," and laid his prestige squarely on the line against George in a three-cornered race for Senator. His message: Senator George, having listened too closely to the "dictatorship of the small minority of individuals and corporations" who opposed the New Deal, should be denied renomination; Candidate Eugene Talmadge, as a "demagogue," should be defeated; Candidate Lawrence Camp, as a New Dealing U.S. district attorney, should be nominated. While F.D.R. spoke, Walter George sat behind him on the platform, listening gravely. When the President turned to sit down, George arose, walked over, shook F.D.R.'s hand and said: "I want you to know that I accept the challenge." Replied Roosevelt: "God bless you, Walter. Let's always be friends."

Four days later, George opened his campaign. At Waycross, a railroad town near the steaming swamp country, George spoke to 1,500 white-shirted Georgians. He was nearly blind from cataracts (later removed), the sweat poured from his forehead, the red rose in his lapel wilted in the 100° heat, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. His voice choked, and he had to pause as he answered Roosevelt's charge that he was a pawn of big business. Cried he: "I was born in south Georgia, the son of a tenant farmer. I have known how it feels to want things that I cannot have. Back there in the days when as a boy I plowed the white soil . . ."

He beat Talmadge soundly; F.D.R.'s man, Camp, ran a poor third.

Cowpeas & Sweet Potatoes. Walter George, the only son of Robert Theodric and Sarah Stapleton George, was born in a sun-blistered pine house in Webster County, where his father scratched the hard clay to bring forth thin crops of cotton, cowpeas and sweet potatoes. Young George's reading material was his grandfather's collection of the *Congressional Record*. Recalls George: "The congressional style was ponderous in those days, but I learned to like it." One day George rode into nearby Preston on the back of an elderly mule. The village belle saw the youth, laughed at him, and found herself on the receiving end of one of Walter George's first public speeches. Its peroration: "This mule of mine is a worthy burden-bearer on our farm. He does his work most uncomplainingly. To laugh at me, Miss, is a reflection cast upon this good animal."

George worked his way through high school (taking a year off to teach grade school), and toyed with the idea of becoming a dentist. But the drill-and-chisel profession lost a recruit when Judge U. V.

Whipple, an orator of local renown, failed to show up for a Masonic convention on the Methodist camp grounds in Preston. Someone suggested that 16-year-old Walter George, the best high-school orator in those parts, stand in for the missing speaker. George was willing, spent 30 minutes preparing himself, then delivered a rousing 40-minute oration on the duties of a citizen to the Government, using Robert E. Lee as his shining example. It was a whopping success: George decided that the law was the field for him.

Medals & Mobs. He went to Mercer University (which, in 1947, named its law school after George), won medals for extemporaneous speaking four years in a row, took the Georgia and Southern States oratorical championships in his first year

victim was the white killer of a county official) with the eloquence of a speech from the steps of the Cordele Opera House.

George moved up to the State Court of Appeals, then to the Georgia Supreme Court as an associate justice. He resigned in 1922, and went back to Vienna to handle the estate of his late father-in-law, hard-bitten old Joseph Heard, a cotton grower, undertaker, warehouseman, building contractor and mule trader, whose bouncing, irrepressible daughter Lucy had become George's wife in 1903. One lazy summer afternoon George was fishing on the Flint River near Vienna when he got word of the death of rabble-rousing Senator Tom Watson, bitter isolationist and onetime Populist Party candidate for President. George ran for the vacant



MR. GEORGE & MIZ LUCY
The complaint is unvarying.

Walter Bennett

of law school, graduated Phi Beta Kappa, and received his law degree in 1901.

Just as George was looking for a place to start practice, a young lawyer in the little (pop. 2,200) county-seat town of Vienna (pronounced Vy-enna) decided to move on. George bought his practice and 50-volume library for \$300, hung out his shingle on a weather-beaten frame building just off Vienna's courthouse square.

With only two weeks to prepare his cases for the new court term, George figured that opposing attorneys would expect him to ask for delays and would therefore neglect their own homework. He was right: when court opened, George was ready, and the others were not. In that term George handled more cases than any other Dooly County lawyer, won nearly all of them. Vienna's attorneys were delighted when, six years later, George took himself from competitive practice to run for prosecuting attorney of the Cordele judicial district. In 1912 he was appointed a district court judge, once broke up a lynch mob (the intended

place, and won. On Nov. 22, 1922 Walter George took his seat in the U.S. Senate, has been there ever since.

He arrived in Washington as an avowed dry and an outspoken opponent of the League of Nations and of U.S. loans to foreign countries—especially Negro Liberia. He rapidly became less doctrinaire, and moved toward the middle course. In 1928 George got 52½ votes for President at the Democratic National Convention, but he loyally supported Nominee Al Smith, the champion of the wets (George later voted for repeal, and now enjoys sipping a bourbon and water, preferably when his wife is not around). George has been a member of twelve Senate committees and has been chairman of five, but his assignment in 1926 to the tax-writing Finance Committee and in 1928 to the powerful Foreign Relations Committee started him in the fields that became his specialties.

Know-Nothing. After Pearl Harbor George worked with the Roosevelt Administration to raise the billions necessary

for war. Only once was there anything that approached a raking-over of past unpleasantness. That came when George was called to the White House to discuss a new tax proposal. President Roosevelt, arguing that the tax would be good politics, said expansively: "Walter, if I know anything at all about Georgia politics..." Into George's eyes came a warning glint. The President caught the look, laughed sheepishly, concluded hastily: "And I certainly don't."

While George's tax theories have remained nearly constant since his early Senate days, it took years—and personal tragedy—for him to arrive at his present foreign-policy views. He tended toward the isolationist side (although, as in all things, he was far too moderate to rank alongside the Burton K. Wheelers and

lowed them up. From the flaming skies they have gone down to death—to win this war and to make possible a better world for another generation of Americans." The U.S. had held out to its sons a promise of peace, for which the U.N. seemed the best hope of fulfillment. Said George, his emotion welling high in his voice: "I am sure every member of this Senate means to keep that promise." He was awarded a rare tribute: every member of the U.S. Senate arose to applaud his words.

The Bargain. When the Democrats took over the Congress this year, Middle-Roader George was just the man for Middle-Roader Dwight Eisenhower. Shortly after the elections, Secretary Dulles talked to George urging him to waive his chairmanship of the Finance Committee

House function at night, I will come—once."

Ike's social concession was cheap at the price, for Democrat George has been the Republican Administration's strong right arm in Congress. Yet Opposition Leader Lyndon Johnson is also pleased with George's position in the 84th, since his fellow Democrats have fallen in behind the old man to make for a party united as it has rarely been before. It is this unity that the Democrats may be able to take to the country next year against a Republican Party still angrily split. If Dwight Eisenhower does not run, the Democrats think they have a good chance to take the presidency.

Walter George enjoys his role as the most powerful member of the 84th, and he has been able to maintain the even tenor of his ways.

Parakeet's Perch. His day begins at 5 a.m. in his three-room suite in the Mayflower hotel, where he has lived since 1926, the year after it was built (recalls Mrs. George: "I'd been watching the building go up, and one day I said, 'Mr. George, I don't know where you're going to live, but I'm going to live right there'"). He reads the morning papers, shaves (sometimes with a parakeet named Bobbie perched atop his head eying the lather hungrily), breakfasts on grapefruit and coffee with his wife, who is known throughout Washington as "Miz Lucy" (says Miz Lucy: "I always call him Mr. George, no matter how sweet I feel, or how mean"). Once a week, usually on Thursday mornings, Secretary of State Dulles comes by to join the Senator at breakfast and brief him on the latest foreign-policy developments. At 8:30, except on the Dulles mornings, George is driven to Capitol Hill in the limousine he rates as the Senate's president pro tempore.

He lets himself into his third-floor office and, since he is the first one there, opens the mail himself, carefully putting each letter back in its envelope to be answered by his five-woman staff. Surprisingly little of his mail comes from Georgia—George's constituents seem to be reluctant to take up his time. While the Senate was in recess one summer, a Vienna lumber dealer drove 200 miles to complain to George's colleague, Richard Russell, about trouble with war orders. Russell asked why the man had come all that way, since he lived just a few blocks from George in Vienna. The reply: "Oh, we wouldn't think of bothering the Senator with things like this."

After morning committee meetings, George gets to the Democrats' Senate cloakroom by 11:45 and holds informal chat in a brown leather chair, smoking filter-tipped cigarettes (doctor's orders) and strewing ashes all over his coat front. Younger Democrats know that they can find him there, often drop by for aid or advice, e.g., when a junior Senator, heading his first subcommittee, recently asked George how he could get a reluctant Cabinet member to testify at hearings, George



CHAIRMAN GEORGE & FRIENDS*
The suggestion became a rallying cry.

Associated Press

the Gerald Nyes), he supported the neutrality laws, and argued eloquently against any U.S. participation in Europe's affairs.

On Sept. 1, 1939 George was in a New York hospital undergoing eye surgery. His wife, worried lest he be upset, withheld from him for several days the news that Hitler had marched on Poland. After he learned that Europe was aflame, George realized that the time for neutralism was past, returned to the Senate to help lead the fight for lend-lease. But he was still by no means a convinced long-term internationalist.

The final turn came in 1943, when Navy Flyer Marcus George, the younger of the Senator's two sons, was lost in the Atlantic while searching for a downed plane. The effect on George was seen in the debate on the United Nations Security Charter, when the old League of Nations foe, his personal loss raw in his mind even after two years, stood in the Senate chamber to make one of his greatest speeches: "Our best men have died on the earth. The blue waters have swal-

(which would thereby fall into the trusted hands of Virginia's Harry Byrd) to head the Foreign Relations Committee. George had one objection: the Foreign Relations job carries with it heavy social demands, and Walter George has strict early-to-bed habits (9:30 o'clock every night). A few weeks later, George went to the White House to see President Eisenhower, who also urged him to take Foreign Relations. In the middle of the conversation, Ike was called on the telephone. Hanging up, he told George with mock anxiety: "I understand there is a very serious complication about your chairmanship." Then, laughing, he explained that Dulles had just called and told him about George's rule against evening engagements. The President promised to observe George's wishes; George promised to head the Foreign Relations Committee. Said he: "Of course, if I am summoned to a White

* From left: Republican Leader William Knowland, Secretary Dulles, George, Alabama's Democratic Senator John Sparkman.

said he would look into the matter. The Cabinet officer dutifully appeared before the subcommittee early the next week.

"Huuuuuuh, Huuuuuuh." When the Senate convenes, George enters the chamber and sits alongside Lyndon Johnson for a 20-minute briefing session on the day's agenda. Because of his heavy work load on his own committees, George does not overburden himself with details in other legislative fields. One recent afternoon George walked over to Armed Services Committee Chairman Russell and said: "Dick, they tell me you've got a little bill coming up this afternoon. Now tell me about it." Russell spent two minutes outlining the main features; George nodded his agreement, later supported the measure. The "little bill": a \$750 million pay raise for servicemen.

George does, however, pay close attention to floor proceedings, follows roll-call votes from a printed roster on his desk. When a Senator's vote surprises him, he marks the name carefully and exhales deeply, often punctuating the roll call with a series of "huuuuuuh, huuuuuuh" sounds. Senators hearing him for the first time are always amazed, wonder what the old man is up to. The answer: nothing. After the roll call George throws away his roster and forgets about it.

Promptly at 5 o'clock each afternoon, the protective ladies of George's staff lock his office doors to keep out newsmen and other callers, and begin an intensive campaign to tear the Senator away from his desk by 6 o'clock at the latest. Back at the Mayflower, Mr. George and Miz Lucy eat alone in their apartment. After dinner she settles down to her needle-point work, while George reads a mystery (recently *Homicidal Lady*) or watches television. One of his favorites is Comedian Bert Parks (*Stop the Music*), whom George proudly identifies as "an old Atlanta boy." From time to time he asks Miz Lucy to switch channels for him, which she does with the unvarying complaint: "Mr. George, you're just spoiled."

Despite his fondness for television, it was not until this year that George appeared on one of the panel programs that other politicians have made their main platform. When he finally agreed to go on *Meet the Press*, Miz Lucy went with him to the studio. Before the program she marched up to waspish Panelist Lawrence Spivak and said: "If you're not nice to Mr. George, I'll put a spider in your dumpling." She need not have worried: Spivak was kindness itself, especially when George made news by advancing his suggestion for a four-power conference.

"The Cause of Peace." This month George was out of Washington—but by no means out of the news. In Vienna, where a huge bronze bust of Walter George gazes across the courthouse square, and where the loiterers will look up from their checkboards to point out the Senator's old law office, the Senator sat on the oak-shadowed porch of his remodeled sharecropper's home, and pondered his future. Winston Churchill had resigned a



DEMOCRATIC LEADER JOHNSON
United as seldom before.

few days before, an event that deeply affected George. Said he: "When you pass 77 milestones, it's hard to realize that you may be approaching the point where things may not be as easy and you should slow down." Then he added softly: "I think I'm capable of doing some good work yet. I would like to be useful up to the end." Three days later, he announced that he expects to run for re-election next year. His probable opponent: Georgia's vote-getting demagogic ex-Governor Herman Talmadge, who will use as his main issue the fact that George did not stand up and denounce the Supreme Court's desegregation decision.

Having planned for the future, George returned to the present, with all its grim problems. Last week he motored to Augusta (where Vacationer Dwight Eisenhower made a point of calling him in for a visit) for a television speech on U.S. foreign policy, a speech in which he took open issue with Adlai Stevenson.

Said George: "There exists, unfortunately, in this country a disposition to hinge all policy in the Far East on what the President does about Quemoy and Matsu. If it would advance the cause of peace, I would be happy for the President to declare his policy. But how would it advance the cause of peace to inform the enemy of what we intend to do? No one can say that it would advance the cause of peace to invite Red China to take more land held by free China."

The deep voice wavered as he reached his conclusion: "I know one thing. If we do fulfill our high mission and our high destiny, it will be because we have resolved to do our dead level best to advance peace, to advance security, to shore up a shaky world. Only by doing that can we vindicate the sacrifice of those who died on land and sea, and fulfill the hopes of men and women in every free land."

CRIME

The Bomb Plot

At 2:34 p.m. one day last week, one of the most extraordinary extortion plots in criminal history exploded—literally—in Portland's big (twelve stories), crowded Meier & Frank department store. Just after 2 o'clock a woman had thrust through the credit window an envelope addressed to the store's president, Aaron Frank, and left. Inside the envelope was a note warning that in the block-square building were planted two bombs, the first set to explode "by the time you receive this message." As Frank was reading the note on the twelfth floor, an explosion rocked the third floor, shattering windows and injuring a woman with the flying glass.

That was only the beginning: the note warned that a second bomb was set to go off before noon the next day. In the meantime, Frank was to pay out \$50,000. From 6:30 to 7 that Friday evening, an agent was to stand outside the downtown Imperial Hotel with a carnation in his lapel, and the money in small bills packed in a light-colored suitcase. At 7 he was to enter a certain phone booth and wait. Frank showed the note to the police. At 7:08 p.m. a police agent was in the booth when the phone rang and a voice told him to go to another phone booth. There he found a typed note and a public locker key taped under the seat.

In the locker at Portland's Union Station, he found a third note ordering him to hire a Yellow Cab (with no two-way radio) and drive on Highway 99E the 120 miles to Eugene, at 25 m.p.h. When a car behind flashed its lights three times, he was to throw out the suitcase and drive on five miles before turning back. If no headlight flashed, he was to return at 25 m.p.h. via Highway 99W. He followed instructions exactly, his slow-moving cab jamming traffic in the early evening, but no lights flashed. By 5:30 a.m. the cab, its driver still ignorant of the plot, was back in Portland.

Aaron Frank and his family remained under guard at their country estate while squads of detectives tried to untangle the extortion attempt. And on Saturday, for the first time in memory, Meier & Frank did not open for business while police meticulously searched the store—without success—for the other bomb.

THE CAPITAL

Oömaning Monday

To many Americans, an egg roll is something on the menu of a Chinese restaurant; to the citizens of Washington, D.C., however, it is a mystic sign of spring. For generations, every Easter Monday, young Washingtonians have been aroused at cockcrow and subjected to the city's egg rolls. On that day thousands of citizens flock to the Lion House hill at the Zoo to hurl Easter eggs around, lounge in the sun, litter the grass, trample on other citizens, and harass the police and the National Parks maintenance

men. Hundreds more attend egg rollings at churches, schools and private homes. But the biggest numbers always converge on the White House. Last week, as usual, the grounds of the Executive Mansion looked like a mob scene on a field of egg foo yung as 17,000 Washingtonians congregated for the big event. As usual, most of those on hand had no idea what an egg roll was supposed to be.

Smacks for Easter. Egg rolling is a mysterious, long-coddled folk custom that is neither a game nor a rite, not colorful or thrilling, and no more pointed than a jelly omelet. Only an oomancer could tell how it all began, or when—or why. Egg rolling is probably related to an old Central European custom called by the Germans *Schmeckostern*, or Easter smacks. The men beat the women with birch boughs on Easter Monday and the women beat the men with birch boughs

to their annual Sunday School Union parades, but Congress was fussy about its grass, and ordered them off the premises in 1877. Hayes welcomed them to the White House grounds. By the first Administration of Grover Cleveland, the annual egg roll had been souflated to its present overwhelming routine.

The custom continued for 63 years. In 1941 all records were smashed when a crowd of 53,258 turned up at the White House (ten were grounded with heat exhaustion, four fainted, and 73 children got mislaid). The following year egg rolling was banned because of the war. After the war Mrs. Edith Helm, the White House social secretary, denounced egg rolling as "an orgy of wasted eggs," announced that President Truman would not revive it. But two years ago, egg rolling made a triumphant reappearance at the White House at the suggestion of

then the butt of A's should be tested against the point of B's. Sometimes, the butts and points of both eggs crack. Then the contest is decided by tapping the sides of the eggs against each other. This phase, known as "sidesies," is probably a fairly modern corruption. Before the age of abundance, everybody got tired before coming to "sidesies" and simply ate the eggs. At the White House last week, nobody bothered to roll eggs or pick eggs or butt eggs; it was much more fun to throw eggs at one another or to mash them into the grass.

Calling Mr. Bailey. In preparation for the big romp, gardeners rolled out 3,000 feet of storm fencing to protect flower beds, shrubbery and the presidential putting green. (Many visitors draped themselves over the fence around the green in the hope of finding lost golf balls as souvenirs.) Shortly before noon, President Eisenhower appeared, smiling in the brilliant sunshine, and greeted the crowd from a small platform. "Last year," he said, "there were quite a number lost. But we found out it wasn't the children that were lost at all; it was just the parents. This time I hope that everything will work out so that you can all stay together and have a wonderful time."

After the President retreated to the White House, eggs whizzed through the air, and the loudspeakers bleated a request for the lost father of Tommy Bailey.

By 6 p.m., after eight lost parents had been found and the last guests had departed, 49 White House yardmen went to work on the debris. In three hours not a mashed jelly bean could be seen, and a gentle rain began to fall. "No damage at all," crowed Chief Gardener Robert Redmond, "One of the most orderly crowds."



Beitmann Archive

WHITE HOUSE EGG ROLLING (1885)
Out of *Schmeckostern*, bannocks and sidesies.

on Easter Tuesday. (But in Durham, England, the men used to take off the women's shoes on Easter Monday and the women took off the men's shoes on Easter Tuesday.) In Bohemia, the women pay the men for the Easter Monday beating they get. The payment: dyed eggs. The beatings and egg-giving occur in the morning. In the afternoon everybody—tired, bruised and happy—goes egg rolling.

In Scotland, bannocks (wheel-shaped oatmeal cakes) were rolled down the hillsides, later gave way to hard-boiled eggs. Across the Irish Sea the custom was known as "trundling," and one Irish historian noted suspiciously that "it is a curious circumstance that this sport is produced only by the Presbyterians."

No Presbyterian, President Rutherford B. Hayes, a para-Methodist, established egg rolling on the White House lawn. Before his time, children had rolled their eggs down the Capitol slopes as a climax

to their annual Sunday School Union parades, but Congress was fussy about its grass, and ordered them off the premises in 1877. Hayes welcomed them to the White House grounds. By the first Administration of Grover Cleveland, the annual egg roll had been souflated to its present overwhelming routine.

The ground rules of egg rolling are simple enough, but few people know them and fewer observe them. The egg rollers should pair off and one bowls an egg down a grassy slope. The other tries by rolling his down to touch the first. This almost never happens. On the next try, the one who rolled first now rolls second. If, improbably, the eggs do touch, then the owners go into Phase 2 of the competition. This is identical to egg picking, another old Easter custom. In egg picking (or butting) one competitor holds his egg point up, protecting all but the tip with his fingers. His rival taps downward with the point of the other egg. When one cracks, the contest is resumed with the large end of the egg. The one whose egg is cracked on both point and butt surrenders his egg. If the point of A's egg and the butt of B's are cracked,

NEW YORK To Grandmother's House

It was springtime in Sheephead Bay and the rubber plants were stretching themselves. On this perfect morning, Frank Biondo Jr. decided to pay a call on his grandmother. So he hopped into the family's brand-new, two-toned green Pontiac and started off.

A few blocks from home, Frank's eccentric driving caught the attention of Patrolman Albert Leone, who yelled at him to stop. Frank paid no attention. Officer Leone commandeered a plumber's truck and, followed by a motorcade of honking automobiles, gave chase. When he ordered Frank to pull over, Frank merely increased his speed to 35 m.p.h. The chase continued through Brooklyn's crowded streets, and Frank sailed through six red lights, sideswiped a taxi and an automobile, kept right on going. Finally, after two miles, Frank pulled up in front of Granny's and parked neatly alongside the curb. He was still doggedly pursued by Leone and eight cars.

When Frank stepped out of the car, Patrolman Leone took him in tow on the reasonable ground that no boy of eight should go driving alone.

FOREIGN NEWS

AUSTRIA

Mission to Moscow

"Austria will be free," Chancellor Julius Raab triumphantly telephoned back from Moscow to Vienna. "We get back our homeland in its entirety. The war prisoners and other prisoners will see their fatherland again." The Austrian state radio burst into Strauss waltzes and victory marches.

The little band of Austrians headed by Raab himself had had little reason to hope for such success when they took off for Moscow last week. For ten long years, and through close to 400 negotiating sessions, the Russians had blocked every Western move to end the occupation of the country which they had promised, as far back as 1943, to treat as a "liberated" country, entitled to be "free and independent." Molotov at Berlin last year bluntly said no even when Austria and the three Western occupying powers agreed to accept all Soviet conditions. Soviet forces must remain in Austria. Molotov hastily insisted, until a German peace treaty was signed. But a few months ago Russia abruptly changed its tune, suggested that Raab come to Moscow to talk things over.

Shining Sun. It was snowing on the Moscow airport. Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov remarked to a Western diplomat that he had hoped for better weather to greet the Austrians. Said the diplomat: "In these cases, Mr. Minister, the weather that matters is the weather you find when you leave." Interjected Deputy Prime Minister Anastas Mikoyan: "You can be sure the sun will be shining when they leave."

The sun of Soviet officialdom beamed from the moment the Austrian plane touched down. The Austrians were winned, dined and feted, and the bonhomie spilled over in all directions. At a reception given by Molotov, U.S. Ambassador Charles Bohlen offered a toast to the speedy restoration of Austria's independence; Molotov declared it a good toast, and drank. So did Premier Nikolai Bulganin. Austrian Foreign Minister Leopold Figl boldly proposed one "to the end of the occupation of Austria—ten years is long enough." Without blinking an eye, the Russians drank to that one, too.

The Austrians reported fully on every step to the ambassadors of the Western Big Three. Raab has long been willing to concede more to the Russians, for the sake of independence, than his Western friends were willing to have him concede, and after every bargaining session, the Western ambassadors inspected the Austrians carefully to be sure they had not inadvertently lost their shirts. But the Russians seemed full of nothing but good will. The visit ended with a long and bibulous dinner in the Kremlin, given by Premier Bulganin himself, and Chancellor Raab, unable to contain himself until he

got back, happily telephoned his good news to his People's Party headquarters in Vienna.

Promise & Price. In those four hectic days, the Russians briskly disposed of all obstacles they themselves had raised in ten years. They made real concessions. The big one: agreement that all occupation troops be withdrawn immediately after the state treaty is signed, "and in any case not later than Dec. 31, 1955."

They also agreed to:

☐ Return the oilfields and refineries of eastern Austria, in exchange for 1,000,000 tons of oil annually for the next ten years. The Russians have taken 17 million tons of oil from these fields since the war.

☐ Accept \$150 million in goods (instead of dollars) as the price for returning the

Rising to the Bait. Germany was obviously what was most on Russia's mind. *Pravda* spelled it out: "Austria should now have the same position as Switzerland. The creation of such a new and stable international position for Austria . . . marks an important step along the path of strengthening peace in Europe . . . This cannot be ignored by certain other European peoples, and particularly, by the German people."

Though too late to block ratification of the Paris accords, the Russians still had a chance to prevent any German from shouldering a rifle. Some 150 separate bills will have to be passed by a hesitant West German Parliament before West Germany can arm and participate in Western defense. German Socialists, who



RUSSIA'S MOLOTOV & AUSTRIA'S RAAB
Like Switzerland, but not like Germany.

300 factories they seized as former Nazi properties.

☐ Return, "for proper recompense," the Danube Shipping Co., its shipyards, docks, vessels and port installations.

☐ "Consider favorably" the return of about 450 Austrian civilians serving sentences in Russia and some 350 prisoners of war. Promised the communiqué: "After the withdrawal of the Soviet occupation troops from Austria, not a single military prisoner or detained civilian person of Austrian citizenship will remain on the territory of the Soviet Union."

The price: Raab's pledge that Austria "intends not to join any military alliance or permit military bases on her territory, and will pursue a policy of independence in regard to all states." The Russians left one reservation dangling: they demanded that Austria ask for a four-power guarantee to defend Austria against any new attempt at *Anschluss* by Germany.

would be willing to promise their country's neutrality for a Russian promise of German unity, rose to the bait. Could they get the same terms?

But Austria is not Germany. For one thing, observed one of Chancellor Adenauer's advisers dourly, "the political and military mass of Austria is not critical."

The Austrian occupation has never been comparable to the division of Germany. A government was elected in free, nationwide elections in 1945. Even in the Russian zone, the Russians have not clamped on the controls that they have inflicted on East Germany, and Austrians roam freely about their own country without regard for zone boundaries. The Austrian government passes laws for the whole country. Even in the Russian zone, the Communists have polled no more than 5% of the votes, and they have not had a minister in the government since 1948.

Vienna, a four-power island in the Rus-



NASSER, NEHRU & U NU

Not to confirm a purpose, but to find one.

Associated Press

sian zone, is patrolled by "four-men-in-a-jeep" units. Settlement of the state treaty will mean the withdrawal of 45,000 Russian troops, but the British and French garrisons now number fewer than 1,000 troops apiece. In many ways, the most seriously affected will be the U.S. It will have to abandon its big base at Salzburg, representing millions in investment (and also millions in income for the Austrians), and withdraw its 15,000 U.S. troops.

For Austria, there may yet be a catch in the clause which would presumably allow the Russians to march back on the pretext that Germany was threatening an *Anschluss*. But in the joy of the moment, such considerations were ignored. Thousands of Austrians flocked to the airport to welcome the triumphant travelers. For the first time since Hitler marched in in 1938, Austria was within sight of a time without a foreign soldier on its soil. Cheering crowds lined the 20-mile route to Vienna, crowded the square outside the chancellery. Twice, Raab had to come out and speak. Some in the crowd wept, and Chancellor Raab's voice broke with emotion. "I must thank the Lord God that we have been able to experience this hour for Austria," he said.

ASIA

A Place in the Sun

From sidewalk loudspeakers outside the big Western-style hotels came the scratchy strains of an old Tommy Dorsey recording of *Marie*. The swarm of delegates arriving in town came in British- and U.S.-made planes, were taken to their hotels in new, pastel-colored Plymouths, escorted by just as new Harley-Davidsons. The Indonesian soldiers who stood on guard at almost every corner, corridor and doorway wore U.S. steel helmets.

Only in such trappings, however, was the Western world represented in the great assemblage that gathered this week in the Indonesian resort city of Bandung, where nearly 1,000 leaders of 29 Asian

and African countries sat down together in a vague but portentous political communion. There were smiling black men from the Gold Coast and Liberia, keen-eyed Arabs, Ceylonese and Indians speaking in the clipped accents of Cambridge and Oxford, Burmese in silken *longyis*, a prince from Siam and a self-deposed king from Cambodia, supple Marxist mandarins from Peking and smiling, slightly nervous gentlemen from Japan. In all, they spoke or affected to speak, for more than half of humanity, chiefly the yellow and brown and black half.

Loose Bindings. The Bandung Conference nations came together with a loose binding of things in common. Most were newly sovereign countries. All but one or two had been dominated for years by Western colonialism or imperialism. All yearned for a greater place in the sun. They differed in a myriad of ways—religion, ideology, ambitions and inhibitions, animosities, economies, resources and enemies. They could not hope to find much common footing for their mixture of neutralism, Communism, pro-Westernism, anti-Communism, anti-Westernism, and simple, provincial unconcern. Even the conference's five sponsors—India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon—were not agreed on what the conference should try to achieve.

The headlines got together on the way to Bandung. Egypt's young (37) revolution-maker, Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser, flew to New Delhi to consult in advance with his newfound friend, Jawaharlal Nehru, the dominant man among Bandung's five sponsors. Before 100,000 Indians who squatted to greet the Egyptian, Nehru got in a plug for the Five Principles of Coexistence he had worked out with Chou En-lai. When a newspaperman asked Nasser, in front of Nehru, whether he subscribed to the Five Principles, Nasser replied: "What are they?"

Nehru and Nasser hopped on to Rangoon together for a rendezvous with Burma's U Nu, the quietly stubborn ascetic

who aspires to negotiate a Peking-Washington settlement of the Formosa crisis. With U Nu at the airport, and closely guarded by a small army of armed police, was Bandung's most powerful and most eagerly awaited guest, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai. The Premiers and their entourage struggled good-naturedly past thousands of Burmans, happily engaged in dousing each other with water, the traditional way of celebrating Burma's New Year. "I thought they squirted the water!" said Nehru's well-dampened daughter. "They just throw the water," explained Chou En-lai in English.

Coconut Milk. Chou turned his charms on Premier Nasser, whose current irritation with the West coincides neatly with Peking's desire for Egyptian recognition. "The government and people of China have great respect for Egypt," said Chou. Nasser smiled. Chou asked if this was Nasser's first trip out of Egypt and, told that it was, added: "You should take advantage of this trip and travel to all the Asian countries." Nasser smiled again.

In Rangoon, the Premiers sipped iced coconut milk and spent hours together conferring on matters coming up at Bandung. Chou En-lai was the first to leave for Bandung, but the last to arrive. Presumably concerned by what happened to a plane carrying an advance delegation from Peking (see below), Chou kept his schedule secret. At its stop his plane was surrounded by troops; it carried ten 45-gallon drums of fuel from home. When required to take on more gas (Standard-Vacuum) at Rangoon, the Communists gave the fuel a litmus-paper test. Although forced down by weather at Singapore, Chou got to Indonesia safely. At the airport, the Indonesians even went so far as to bar some of their own officials.

Less melodramatically, Bandung's other featured performers streamed in. From Manila came ebullient Carlos Romulo, determined to fight off any effort to turn Bandung into an anti-U.S. or anti-Western propaganda barrage. Also lined up on the pro-Western side: Pakistan's Mohammed Ali, Thailand's Oxford-educated Prince Wan Waithayakon, Turkey's Deputy Prime Minister Fatin Rustu Zorlu (a former NATO delegate), and Lebanon's stoutly pro-Western Charles Malik. Besides Chou's, there was only one Communist delegation: North Viet Nam's, led by Foreign Minister Pham Van Dong.

General Principles. For months the great delegation had been trying to put together an agenda (some subjects: atomic energy control, anti-colonialism, coexistence, "universal" U.N. membership). Any of these might be exploited and become explosive. But, insisted Nehru: "A controversial issue should hardly be discussed at this conference. The conference should discuss general principles."

They had not gathered, as diplomats often do, to confirm a common purpose, but to find one. What they were really seeking, said Nehru candidly (and for the moment ignoring the stepchildren from Africa) was the "self-justification of Asia."

SIN & SWEDEN

Reported TIME Correspondent Joe David Brown from Sweden;

THREE years ago the Lutheran bishops of Sweden caused an uproar by coming out against sin. The occasion was a pastoral letter on sexual morality. Tactfully vague, and generous toward "weaknesses of the flesh," the letter said in effect that the Lutheran Church was opposed to birth control, abortion and promiscuity, especially among the young. In no other country would the letter have caused more than a ripple. But in modern Sweden, where sociology has become a religion in itself, and birth control, abortion and promiscuity—especially among the young—are recognized as inalienable rights, there was a tidal wave of indignation. Newspapers thundered that the bishops had no business meddling in such matters; citizens told them to mind their own business, and even a few parsons accused their superiors of aspiring to emulate the Church of Rome.

Aghast at the controversy they had started, the bishops retired to the shelter of their churches and have not ventured into the market place since. "One must remember," one of Sweden's leading Lutheran bishops explained to me, "that in Sweden the church, from the point of view of the visitor from a country where there is no 'official' church, has a very peculiar position. The Swedish State Church is part of the government. It is expected to support the government laws, even though"—and he shrugged resignedly—"it does not always agree with them."

Secure & Static. In Sweden the church has knuckled under to the state since the 16th century, when King Gustav Vasa led Sweden's break from Rome during the Reformation. Today the church's activities and its concepts are so closely tied to the state that it enjoys the status and security of a government department—a department no more or less important than any other. In its efforts to please the government, it has become so watered down as an institution that to the average Swede it has lost most of its spiritual meaning. The Swedes regard the church as a proper place to marry in or be buried from; only a handful go to Sunday worship. The bishop with whom I spoke—one of those who signed the notorious letter—personally opposes abortions and birth control "except in cases of dire medical necessity." But he admitted to me that he had never spoken out against either of these things in church, because he "did not think it would be proper, as long as they are legal."

Whatever the cause, sexual moral standards in Sweden today are jolting to an outsider. Statistics show that there are at least 27,000 unmarried mothers. The birth rate of only 110,000 babies a year in a country of 7,000,000 is in itself a hazard to Sweden's future. Fully 10% of the babies are illegitimate. One of every two unmarried women who conceive a child has a legal abortion. All a woman need do to have one is to convince a social worker that the birth is "unsuitable." About 5,000 women, married and unmarried, are admitted to hospitals each year for legal abortions.

A professor at Stockholm's largest women's clinic was reported for "cruelty" because he told a patient that the abortion she was about to have was the same as murdering one of her previous children. An Uppsala doctor was called a "fascist" in letters to the press because he made the statement that Sweden loses the equivalent of one regiment a year through abortions.

Unwed Heroines. Admittedly, it is a Christian virtue to show kindness and tolerance to unwed mothers, but in Sweden they are practically heroines. Not long ago an unwed mother became a candidate for the Lucia Crown, an annual beauty award based on the legend of St. Lucia, who had her eyes gouged out for defending her chastity against a Roman centurion. When the judges questioned her qualifications

and refused to let her compete, the young mother received bales of encouraging letters and the judges were roundly blasted.

The sex education given in public schools would make even the most modern, broad-minded American parent blush. At a party in Stockholm, I met Mrs. Elise Ottesen-Jensen, the 17th of 18 children of a Norwegian family, a vigorous, outspoken woman who looks years younger than she is (69). She travels all over Sweden by car, train and even on skis to run clinics, advises branch offices and lectures on birth control and sex relations. One of her proudest achievements has been the government decision to teach sex in schools, and she assiduously superintends it.

I asked Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen what she teaches the young people. "I tell them that the important thing is that they must be in love," she said. "I tell the girls it is all right to sleep with a boy—but first they must be in love. When I tell them that, you see them smiling and nudging each other."

"You don't advise them to wait until they get married?" I asked. Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen fixed me with a scornful eye. "Everybody knows that couples—young people when they are, how do you say it, 'going steady'—sleep together," Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen said. "Their mothers and fathers know it. What use is there of trying to change nature? So I tell them, wait until you are sure, wait until you are in love."

"Let's get this straight," I said. "You tell them this in schools?"

Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen laughed at my amazement. So did the other guests. One wondered if I was religious. "How," I said to Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen, "can a boy or girl of 17 or 18 know the difference between love and plain old biological urge?"

"Oh, they can tell love," she said. "They can tell real love." Everyone nodded in agreement.

A small, dark man who, I later learned, was a psychiatrist, tried to explain. "The only difference between our behavior here and behavior in other countries is that we face the facts," he said. "Young people sleep together everywhere. We don't frown and tell them that it is sinful and expect that that will prevent it. Since they're going to do it anyway, we try to give them training and teach them to be honest. If a girl finds she's going to have a baby, we don't ostracize her, we take care of her. Isn't it better to let her have an abortion in a hospital than go to a dirty vet, as she does in other countries?"

The Problem Is Medical. Although assured that I had been hearing a typical Swedish point of view, I was not convinced until I had talked next day with a Roman Catholic priest in Stockholm. (There are about 20,000 Roman Catholics in Sweden.) I expressed my shock that parents and teachers condone promiscuity, do not even try to tell the young people that such things are wrong. "You must understand Swedish mentality," said the Catholic. "They are incapable of imagining a world where there are not unwed mothers, where abortions and birth control are not necessary. They say, 'Since these things exist, then let us do something constructive about them.' They don't believe it is possible to change human nature. They attack the problem as a sociological and medical one."

"But what will this lead to?" I asked. "After all, sexual morality is basic to Western ethics."

The man shook his head sadly. "I don't know what the result will be." In the pages of a Stockholm paper, in a typical one of a series of interviews being printed under the title, *Swedish Youth Speaks*, I found a partial answer to my own question. "I have no real morals," said a boy of 19. "And I would never marry a girl because I had made her pregnant. Why should I give up my liberty for the sake of a child?"

Crash Report

"Murder!" cried the Red Chinese government. "Murder deliberately engineered by secret-agent organizations of the U.S. and Chiang Kai-shek!" Retorted the U.S. State Department: "Preposterous."

The Chinese Communists had chartered an Air-India plane (fee \$20,000) to take part of their delegation to the Bandung Conference in Indonesia. The four-engined Constellation flew in to Hong Kong from Bangkok on a regular flight, disembarked its passengers, and refueled. During the 80 minutes it stood on the airfield, it was ringed with security guards. Then the charter passengers were whisked in past customs directly to the plane. Chief among the three Chinese delegates were Huang Tso-mei, head of the official New China News Agency in Hong Kong and rated one of the Communists' top agents by Hong Kong police, and Shih Chih-ang, No. 2 man of Peking's chief foreign purchasing agency. Among other passengers, five listed as Chinese newsmen were actually (according to Western intelligence) unsung but important Communist propaganda and intelligence agents.

The plane took off. A few hours later, it crashed into the South China Sea 250 miles east of Singapore.

Without waiting for details, India's Prime Minister Nehru dispatched a message of concern to Peking: "This disaster has some very unusual features. Something must have happened suddenly. There must be a full inquiry." Peking did not wait, either. Even before the delegation left, said the Foreign Ministry, the government had learned of a "sinister plot . . . to assassinate the members of the Chinese delegation, headed by Premier Chou En-lai and to sabotage the Afro-Asian Conference," and had warned the British to take special precautions. The Communist government charged the British with "heavy responsibility." The British formally rejected the charge, insisted that they had been warned only against the possibility of Nationalist demonstrations, not sabotage. Therefore no special measures had been taken to guard the plane itself, which was serviced by the regular Chinese crews at the airport. But, the British contended, the possibility of sabotage was "extremely remote."

Only three survivors, all Indians, were fished out of the sea. Engineer A. S. Karnik, taken aboard the British frigate *Dampier*, gave the first authentic explanation of the crash: a hydraulic fire in the port wing. The plane broke into three pieces when it hit the sea.

This sounded more like a common accident than sabotage. In their first broadcast, long before any survivors had been picked up, the Communists had said that the plane exploded in mid-air—the same kind of wild report that crash investigators on the world's airlines encounter after most crashes. But Peking, which knows a propaganda windfall when it sees one, grabbed its chance, without even waiting for the facts to be established.

GREAT BRITAIN

Election in May

With only three hours advance notice, Sir Anthony Eden made his first broadcast to Britain as Prime Minister. It lasted two minutes, but it was news: "The Parliament elected in 1951 is now in its fourth year. It is therefore not surprising that, with a change of Prime Minister, there should be expectation of a general election. Uncertainty at home and abroad about the political future is bad for our influence in world affairs, bad for trade, and unsettling in many ways. I believe it is better to face this issue now." He set May 26 as the date for a general election.

On Eden's recommendation, Queen Elizabeth will dissolve the present Parliament on May 6. Before then, Chancellor Rab Butler will present Britain's 1955



PRIME MINISTER EDEN
Uncertainty is bad.

budget, and the House of Commons will press through the necessary legislation to enable the government to carry on until the new Parliament meets on June 7.

Labour Party Leader Clement Attlee, visiting in Canada, learned of Eden's decision at a whistle stop in the Rockies. He and other Labour leaders darkly accused Eden of precipitant haste, but stoutly insisted that Labour is ready and eager. The present lineup in the House of Commons is Tories 322 seats, Labour 294, Liberals 6. The Tories are confident that they can increase their majority, for the nation is prosperous, and recent local elections have shown a mild swing toward the right. But the result is no foregone conclusion: not since 1832 has an incumbent British government increased its majority in a general election. The Tories are counting on the freshness of Anthony Eden's occupancy of 10 Downing Street and the divisions among their Socialist opponents to change all that.

Slump & Boom in Lancashire

"She's a bonny woman," said a mill girl as the red and black Rolls-Royce with the royal standard fluttering above its radiator crept through a Lancashire cotton town one sunny day last week. From the car window Queen Elizabeth II smiled at her loyal Lancastrians and waved a gloved hand. It was the Queen's first state visit to the grimy industrial county where 5,000,000 sturdy English folk spin the bulk of Britain's cotton textiles, mine a goodly share of its coal. She had come with her husband Philip to shed a ray of royal hope in the one region of prosperous Britain that is visibly and chronically depressed.

"Dark, Satanic Mills." Lancashire is not the tourists' England. Forty miles wide by 60 miles long, it is bisected by the river Ribble into a northern rural section that merges into Wordsworth's Lake District, and a southern industrial coal-field choked with so many cities, slums, mining villages and cotton mills, greyhound stadia, slagheaps, canals and railroad sidings that it forms a single complex, something like the Ruhr. South Lancs, as Britons call it, is the most populous region of Britain outside London. Its people are a nubby mixture of English yeomen, Welsh shepherds and Irish peasants, congealed into Lancastrians by the Industrial Revolution.

With its deepwater port of Liverpool (pop. 790,000), its damp climate and plentiful coal, Lancashire was for a century the cotton clothier of half the world. Lancashire men invented the first machines of mass production (the Crompton mule, the spinning jenny), were the first to use steam to drive them. But the price of industrial precocity, in an age that was unprepared for it, was paid by the people of Lancashire. In Lancashire's "dark, satanic mills" children labored twelve hours a day, women grew old at 30.

Religion was their chief succor. The Methodist revival burned bright in the Lancashire mill towns, and its influence provided Britain's Labor Party, one of whose strongholds is South Lancashire, with a strain of Biblical humanism that tempers the doctrinaire Socialism of its Marxist intellectuals. South Lancashire today sends more than 50 M.P.s to Parliament, two-thirds of them Labor. Depression in its textile industry could increase the Labor vote in next month's general election.

Looms Without Orders. Last week the threat of depression loomed large over Lancashire's valleys. Among the crowds that cheered the Queen were many of the 32,000 millhands laid off for two weeks because the mills are on short time. Last year Lancashire exported 72 million yards of cloth less than it did in 1953—a drop of 10%. "Half our looms have no orders," said 37-year-old Ronnie Carter, manager of a weaving mill in the town of Padiham (pop. 12,000). "But we're lucky. Two of the town's ten mills have shut down completely."

The immediate causes were obvious. Australia, Lancashire's best customer, last



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month slashed its imports of cotton cloth by 33%. In addition, uncertainty over whether the U.S. cotton surplus would be sold abroad at less than cost had led importers everywhere to cut back their textile orders in the hope of lower prices.⁶ In the long run, however, Lancashire's textile troubles lay deeper than the futures market.

Decline & Response. Fine cloth from towns like Padiham no longer can compete in price with Japanese and Indian cloth, spun by cheaper labor on machines that, more often than not, were built in Lancashire. Cheap Indian cloth is even flooding into Britain itself: 16 million yards in 1953, 130 million in 1954. Lancashire men complain, with some justice, that the countries which put up barriers against its textile industry are allowed to flood the British market. Their critics reply, with justice, that hidebound Lancashire has allowed its methods and machinery to become obsolete.

"The solution, if there is one," wrote the London *Economist*, lies "in vigorous innovation and specialization rather than in trying to cling to the cheaper end of the trade." Another, more lasting solution is being worked out by Lancastrians themselves. Convinced that their textile mills are moribund, many weavers are quitting their looms and looking for other jobs. The transition is apt to be painful, but tens of thousands of ex-cotton workers are now making Canberra bombers, cathode ray tubes, heavy tanks, soap and TV sets in scores of modern new plants mushrooming in South Lancashire. Already, engineering (with 500,000 employed) has overtaken textiles (400,000) as Lancashire's No. 1 industry.

"I remember when there was nothing but cotton from one end of town to the other," said Charlie Shackleton, one of Padiham's weavers. "Now look at it." Where it once finished muslins and poplins, Padiham now boasts a fine big washing-machine plant, is building a huge radio factory that will soon employ 3,000 men. "My 15-year-old son," says Charlie, "will be the first Shackleton in four generations who won't be in weaving. He's going into engineering. He'll have a good future too."

YEMEN

Revolt & Revenge

If the Imam of Yemen failed to inspire one of Edward Lear's famous limericks, it was only because Lear never heard of him. To this day little is known about this Moslem kingdom, the size of Nebraska, at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula. That is the way Yemen's despotic ruler, the Imam Saif el Islam Abdullah, wants it. He bars foreigners and does everything he

can to keep out of print. But last week there was print without stint: there had been a revolt against the Imam of Yemen.

Tough Iraq-trained Colonel Ahmed Thalaya, mindful of army coups in nearby Egypt and Syria, persuaded a bunch of soldiers to surround the royal palace of Al Urdhi at Taiz, a fortified stronghold where the Imam lives with his harem, the royal treasure, an arsenal of modern weapons, and a 150-man guard.

From the palace window came a shout: "What is it you want? Tell me what you want," cried the sexagenarian Imam who, in his fringed turbans and silken robes, bears a striking resemblance to Charles Laughton playing Henry VIII. When the soldiers called back that it was time he got off the throne, he dodged back, reappeared with a Tommy gun. But they told him the game was up, the country and the



IMAM AHMED

The mob said otherwise.

Council of Elders were with them. Suddenly, the old man agreed to abdicate, but demanded that his son Badr succeed him. No, replied Colonel Thalaya, he had another candidate: the King's half-brother, the Emir Saif el Islam Abdullah, the 48-year-old Foreign Minister, who once represented Yemen at the U.N.

While Abdullah set about forming a new government, the old Imam retired within his palace, broke open the treasury coffers and secretly began buying off the besieging soldiers. After five days, the number of besiegers being reduced from 600 to 40, the Imam suddenly burst out of the palace gates flourishing a long scimitar. Before the sentries could get over their shock, he had slashed two of them dead, scrambled back into the palace. Exchanging the sword for a submachine gun, he led his 150 guards onto the roof of the palace and began a direct attack on the rebels. At the end of 28 hours, with 23 rebels and one palace guard dead, Colonel

Ahmed Thalaya gave up. Abdullah, guarded by heavily armed slaves, taken for a ride in a jeep in the direction of the rock dungeon of Hajja, was later reported executed.

News leaking from Yemen told of the old Imam leading the defeated colonel into the square in front of the palace and crying to the crowd: "Look at this man. I personally sent him to be educated in Iraq. I made him chief of the army. I trusted him. I even let him use my airplane. And now look how he has repaid me! I leave it to you. If you say 'forgive,' I will let him go. If you say otherwise..."

The mob howled for blood; the colonel's hands were bound, and he was forced to kneel in the dust. As the executioner raised his sword, following an old custom, he gave the kneeling man a passing jab in the shoulder, making him jerk forward so that his neck was stretched out tautly for the downcoming stroke. A minute later the mob fell upon the decapitated body and tore it to pieces.

The Imam of Yemen was even.

FRANCE

Keeping Its Place

Last month, shortly after Neighbor Britain announced that it would build H-bombs, Premier Edgar Faure announced almost casually that France would follow suit. "If things go on as they are," Faure explained, "there will be a line dividing great and powerful nations . . . that have thermonuclear means, and inferior countries. France cannot take a place among 'second-class' great powers."

Faure's decision appealed to Frenchmen's pride, but it threatened to dig too deeply into their pockets. If France wants to join the H-bomb club, warned Faure's own Ministry of Finance, higher taxes will be needed to pay for nuclear spending. Last week, after "long reflection," the French Cabinet made up its mind where France's place lay.

"We have decided to eliminate the idea [of making H-bombs]," said Premier Faure. France will confine itself to developing atomic power for peaceful purposes, but just the same, said Faure, France expects "to keep its place as a great power."

PAKISTAN

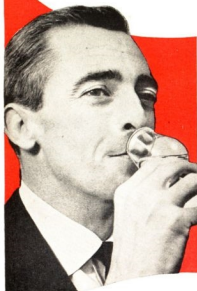
Legal Chaos

In Karachi last week, when a butcher was accused of bringing cattle into the city without a permit, his lawyer asked the court: "Is there, legally speaking, such a place as Karachi?" The government, red-faced, asked a postponement. A navy lieutenant, charged with drunkenness, boldly asked his accusers: "On whose authority is this court-martial held? Is there, legally speaking, a commander in chief?" The court-martial was promptly adjourned.

Pakistan, the world's seventh most populous nation, is in legal chaos. Governor General Ghulam Mohammed's right to collect taxes, arrest criminals and run the

⁶ Lancashire's stocks of raw cotton were lower last month than they have been at any time since the U.S. Civil War (when Lancashire cotton workers sent addresses of encouragement to President Lincoln and sometimes starved rather than use the "slave cotton" which British merchants were trying to import from the blockaded Southern States).

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country is in serious question. A month ago Pakistan's Federal Court invalidated 46 of the country's basic laws on the grounds that between 1948 and 1954 the Constituent Assembly had not submitted its laws to the Governor General.

Decreeing "emergency powers" to himself, Ghulam Mohammed revalidated most of the laws, but last week the court ruled that his action was illegal: only an Assembly and a Governor General acting jointly comprise a sovereign body. This was a bit awkward for Ghulam, who dissolved the Assembly last year and now runs a "controlled democracy" of his own.

In teeming Karachi, swollen with a million refugees, energetic Pakistanis went about business as usual. Whatever legal confusion there might be to litigants, drovers with their camel carts and cabbies in their ancient Kaiser sedans still obeyed Karachi's traffic cops. Ghulam called a new "constituent convention" of 60 members—seven members appointed by himself and 53 to be elected by provincial assemblies—to cooperate with him in rule by law. Until the convention assembles in May, Ghulam will do his best to contain legal chaos by seeking "the Federal Court's advice."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Division & Indecision

The first rains of the monsoon showered down upon Saigon (pop. 2,000,000), cooling the weather but not the city's jittery nerves. There were quiet Buddhist ceremonies in Chinese pagodas, a pink and white wedding at the cathedral, and an outward pose of calm. But heavily armed gangsters and cops of the Binh Xuyen sect, in their arsenic-green berets, patrolled the boulevards, ordering traffic, and blockading the city's approaches so that they could control the price and supply of rice. Steel-helmeted nationalist paratroopers of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem were also out on patrol, but they were restrained from getting rid of the terrorists by an uneasy 17-day truce—enforced by the French army and supported by the U.S.

French Commissioner General Paul Ely was counseling "a political settlement," meaning that Diem should come to terms with the warlords and hoodlums, and take them into his nationalist government. Ely insisted that the Binh Xuyen could not be smashed without civil war. "Your attitude is helping them to survive when I could crush them," replied Ngo Dinh Diem. U.S. Presidential Envoy J. Lawton Collins, a former U.S. Army chief of staff in multi, echoed Ely's plea for conciliation. "Nothing can be done with the Binh Xuyen controlling the police," replied Diem. "Have you ever seen a Premier who did not control his own police?"

The French, who have never been keen for Diem and have had long and profitable relationships with his enemies, spread the word in Paris and Saigon that U.S. support for Ngo Dinh Diem was beginning to wobble. The U.S. was in fact get-



Howard Sochurek—LIFE
AMBASSADOR COLLINS

For the wearing of the arsenic-green.

ting increasingly concerned over Diem's capacity to survive, but it still regarded him as the only visible Vietnamese who was incorruptible and nationalist enough to challenge the Communist Ho Chi Minh. At week's end the State Department thought it necessary to reaffirm its support of him. The trouble was, however, that such tokens were not in themselves decisive. "My true American friends want to help," confided Ngo Dinh Diem to an adviser. "But they do it wrongly. In any case, they do not want to get involved themselves. What are they expecting? A miracle?"

YUGOSLAVIA

Comrades & Lovers

As a pale, peaked schoolgirl in the Serbian market town of Bagrdan, Ljubinka Milosavljevic, according to one of her teachers, "never particularly distinguished herself in anything." But the necessities of war and the peculiar demands of Communist ideology brought out unsuspected talents in this rural railroad switchman's daughter. By 1941, at the age of 24, mousy little Ljubinka had become one of the chief organizers of Communist partisan resistance in her home area, and, as the years passed and Tito Communism became the law of the land, Ljubinka's gifts carried her to loftier and loftier posts in the party and the government. She became Minister of Education in the Serbian government, a member of the local party's Central Committee, with final authority over Communist newspaper editors, and head of the powerful Control Commission, whose job it is to keep party members in line.

Close by Ljubinka's side during much of her rise to power was another promising young Communist, Momcilo Cupic, who had been one of the first to join her partisan organization in Bagrdan.

Ljubinka helped push Cupic forward in the party hierarchy, and Cupic responded by remaining her devoted lover for ten years. Once, before Tito's break with Russia, Ljubinka was sent off to Stalin's old villa on the Black Sea to recover from TB. Even that lengthy separation did not weaken Cupic's ardor. But what time and distance failed to do, party discipline at last accomplished. In 1951 the Yugoslav party (always more puritanical than its Russian counterpart) ordered both Ljubinka and Cupic to clean up their love lives. Cupic, by then an up-and-coming diplomat, married another woman and started raising a family. Ljubinka, still unmarried and still suffering from her old ailment, doggedly went on with her work, showing more and more signs of strain.

Two weeks ago, for the first time in nearly four years, Ljubinka and Cupic met again, at a friend's home. Throughout the evening they chatted pleasantly together, and when the party was over Cupic offered to walk her home. Ljubinka accepted, and together the former comrades and lovers strolled the few blocks to her home. At the doorway, when the time for goodnights had come, Ljubinka reached into the pocket of her coat, pulled out a gun and fired on Cupic until the piece was empty. Momcilo Cupic died almost instantly. His forsaken love was carried, struggling and sobbing, to a mental ward, where she sat last week, mute.

EAST GERMANY

Swelling Stream

The throb of unrest in East Germany can be accurately measured by the flow of refugees to the West. For about a year the number of East Germans seeking sanctuary was a fairly steady 6,500 a month. Last month the number abruptly rose to 8,500. West Berlin authorities expect the figure for April to top 10,000.

The refugees all have stories to tell. There is a serious farm crisis in East Germany. Meat, wheat, sugar and edible oils are now critically short, and in some localities there has been panic buying on the "free markets" (where prices are about six times the ration price). Some East Germans fear that the "pocketbook blockade" of West Berlin (TIME, April 11) is only the prelude to "some new devilry." The East German government announced that it had arrested 521 U.S., British and West German "spies."

Conspicuous in the swelling stream of refugees are three groups who have special reasons for clearing out. Farmers fear increasing collectivization. Young men are alarmed at reports that the People's Police would soon be doubled in size, to counter West German rearmament. Teachers have their backs up because they were asked to plug "youth dedications"—a Communist substitute for church confirmations. Said one grammar-school teacher who fled his native Greifswald: "After all, to do harm to the church is to harm the only body in East Germany that effectively opposes the Communists."

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THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

After the Earthquake

The political earthquake that shook Brazil a fortnight ago (TIME, April 18) subsided last week. The process of reshuffling the Cabinet continued, but President João Café Filho calmly went ahead with his plans to fly from Rio this week on a nine-day trip to Portugal, the Brazilian motherland. One reason he could be calm was that the 36th International Eucharistic Congress is scheduled to convene in Rio in July. With 1,000,000 Roman Catholic visitors expected, leaders of all factions want to keep up a hospitable appearance of normality.

In the Cabinet comings and goings, a new Finance Minister shouldered the burden of coping with inflation-ridden Brazil's nagging economic problems. Minister José Maria Whitaker is a pink-cheeked, white-mustached, 76-year-old São Paulo banker with 13 children, 68 grandchildren, five great-grandchildren. Brazilians took heart from his promise to avoid "hasty solutions," and from his reputation as a hardheaded financier. A columnist called the appointment "an unexpected miracle," and the free-market cruzeiro climbed from 86 per dollar to 80, about where it stood on the eve of the earthquake.

ARGENTINA

Caesar & God

Argentina's President Juan Perón sent his military aide to the Commerce Ministry on an important errand one afternoon last week. After a ten-minute, closed-door talk with the brass-braided errand boy, young (30), earnest Commerce Minister Antonio Cafiero called his top assistants together and said goodbye. A practicing Roman Catholic and a Catholic Action leader in his student days, Cafiero had just become the first minister to lose his job as a result of the war that Perón has been waging against the Catholic Church (TIME, April 18 *et ante*). On another front, the Education Ministry "temporarily" banned all religious instruction in government-supported schools.

The church struck back with an effective blow of its own. In a pastoral letter read this week from every pulpit, Argentina's bishops declared that the church believes in rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but that it also insists on rendering unto God the things that are God's. The letter quoted the "gemlike words" that Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, wrote to the all-powerful Roman Emperor Constantius in 353: "Remember that you are mortal. Fear the Judgment Day. Keep yourself pure for that day, and do not get involved in ecclesiastical matters . . ."

Perón's undaunted Information Office, which cares neither for bishops nor emperors, ordered the Argentine press to ignore the letter.

PERU

Retiring Strongman?

Since October 1948, when he seized power as the leader of a military coup, General Manuel Odría has ruled Peru as a fatherly, sometimes Big Brotherly dictator. Elected President in 1950 in a one-candidate race, Odría said recently that he intended to step down at the end of his six-year term, handing his office over to a constitutionally elected successor.

Many of his countrymen doubted whether the strongman, only 57, really meant it, but last week, in a published interview with touring New York Timesman Herbert L. Matthews, Odría repeated his intention with notable firmness. He gave



PRESIDENT ODRÍA

Ego Aguirre

Fatherly, but sometimes Big Brotherly.

two reasons for wanting to hand over power, putting them, perhaps unintentionally, in an ironical order: "In the first place, I am too tired after years of intensive work, and in the second place, our constitution forbids any President to run again."

Odría's decision sets up a knotty political problem for him and for Peru. The country has moved forward economically under honest, efficient Dictator Odría. By boldly unpegging the currency, cutting away useless export-import controls, and welcoming foreign investment capital, he stimulated production and trade.

But with economic liberty went tight political control. In the absence of functioning political parties and a free press, the conditions for a democratic or even a democratic-looking presidential election do not exist in Peru. And they are not likely to exist next year unless, in the meantime, President Odría loosens his Big Brotherly grip.

MEXICO

Appointment in Acapulco

In Pacific-coast Acapulco, Mexico's hibiscus-cum-chromium Riviera resort, this is the time of year when the dizzy whirl of swimming, sunning, sipping and sinning spins fastest, and each night's gaiety produces a ration of racy gossip for the shorts-and-halter set to savor the next day. But never before was there such a scandal as the one that had the peso-elite buzzing last week. Its ingredients were tried and true: a deceived socialite wife, a smoking pistol, a far-from-bullet-proof husband and a toothsome girl who was—in the fashionable Mexican euphemism—the husband's "second front."

Holiday Buildup. Señora Maria Luisa Escobar de Rosas, 40, had learned last year (from an unsigned letter) that her husband was dallying with a dark, devastating 24-year-old bank teller named Hilda Parrao. Maria soon had a showdown with the pair; after a painful scene, husband Rodolfo Rosas, 45, a wealthy builder, promised to break off with Hilda. But a private-eye checkup soon revealed that he had not. When, following their annual custom, the Rosas family went to Acapulco for the Easter holiday season, the air was full of unresolved suspicion.

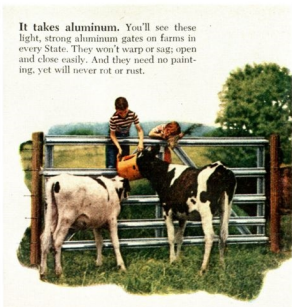
The 281-mile drive from Mexico City tired Maria, and she went to bed. Her husband, on the other hand, went out "to have a few drinks with the boys"—adorned with his handsomest pale blue tie and lashings of cologne. "Can it be possible?" Maria asked herself. After a couple of confidential phone conversations with a friend in Mexico City, she established that Hilda had also gone to Acapulco. Maria sprang from bed, dressed, got Rodolfo's pistol out of the Cadillac's glove compartment, and slipped it into her handbag.

Midnight Payoff. She confronted her husband and his mistress at midnight in the lobby of Hilda's hotel. Rodolfo was past the point of offering excuses or explanations. "You know why I am here," he said. "You'd better get something through your head right now: I am sick of you and I am tired of you." Maria, her face drawn and her grey-flecked hair awry, backed away and drew. The two stood motionless for a moment while the unheeding, laughing crowd pressed by them. She fired twice. Rodolfo, clutching his belly, shouted, "Maria, don't shoot! Please don't shoot!" She fired four more times, saw her husband drop to the floor, then collapsed. "Tell me he's not dead," she pleaded. But he was.

As the suntan crowd on the beaches had it figured last week, Maria will probably get off easy. Under an unspoken Mexican codicil to the unwritten law, judges are generally tolerant toward respectable women who punish faithless husbands—especially when the man has had so little discretion as to make a bungling public show out of his second-front operation.



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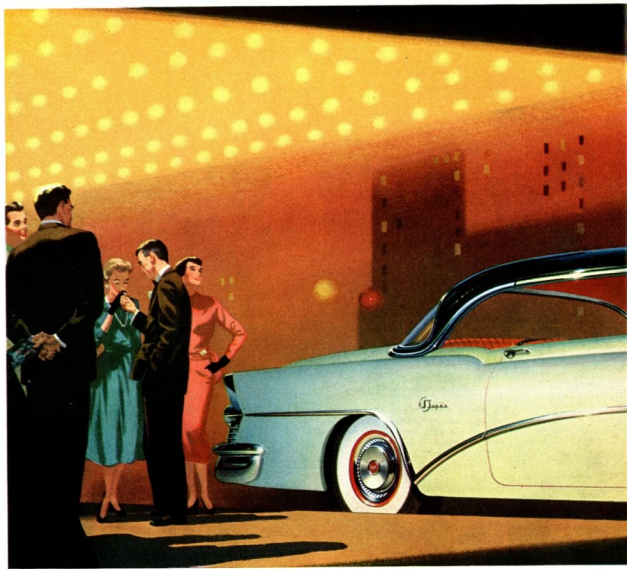
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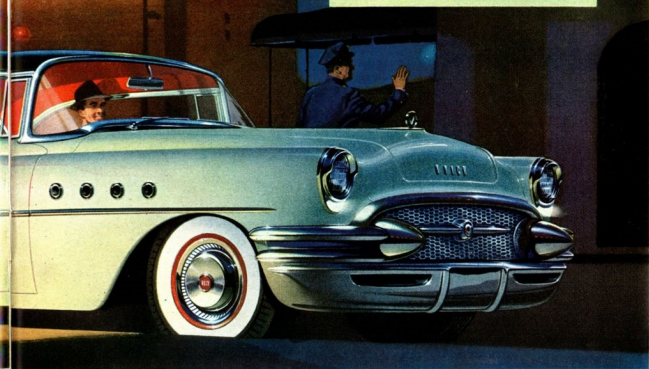
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PEOPLE

Names made news. Last week these names made this news:

Egypt's ex-King **Farouk**, interviewed by Milan's weekly *Tempo*, was still looking like the fat of the land, but disclosed that he no longer lives off it. Moaned he: "I lived in wonderful palaces with a thousand-and-one-night atmosphere. But I was never personally rich . . . The revolutionists have seized my private property . . . I left Alexandria with the change I had in my pocket." How much change? "A faithful secretary at the last moment slipped £600 sterling into my pocket." On such a pittance, asked his interviewer, how had Farouk managed to live so high since getting the dirty end of the Nile in 1952? Replied Farouk: "A great chief of Islam came to my help with a noticeable sum . . . Unfortunately, that good man died two years ago and my situation has become extremely critical." Then Farouk asked his interviewer for introductions to be arranged with some Italian tycoons who might give him a job. A titled industrialist was apprised of Farouk's plight, thought it over, decided that he had "no suitable position . . . for His Majesty." Said Farouk sadly: "I thought so. Thank you just the same."

While fishing (for the first time in his life) and trying to hook savage snook in the Florida Everglades, Vice President **Richard Nixon** leaned too far out of an outboard skiff while trying to make his plug let go of a mangrove root, backsomersaulted overboard. Absent from the scene of the splash: an 18-ft. alligator usually found lolling there. Later, when



FISHERMAN NIXON
Twice was too many.

his guide careened the boat in too tight a 180° turn, all aboard got dipped. Muttered plucky Dick Nixon, snookless, bedraggled and amazed: "I didn't think it could happen twice."

In New Delhi, newly wed U.S. Ambassador to India **John Sherman Cooper**, defeated by Kentucky's Democrat **Alben Barkley** in his run for re-election to the Senate last November, donned striped trousers, inspected a snappy guard of honor before presenting his diplomatic credentials to India's President **Dr. Rajendra Prasad**.

Arriving in Manhattan for a two-month U.S. tour, France's brightest literary prodigy, winsome Novelist **Françoise (Bonjour Tristesse—TIME, Feb. 14) Sagan**,



NOVELIST SAGAN
Papa would be flattered.

19, breakfasted (on tea and soda crackers) with reporters who heard how *Bonjour*, a bestseller in both France and the U.S., was written. Recalled Françoise: "I was eliminated from the Sorbonne in the summer of 1953 for skipping all my classes. So, having nothing else to do, I sat in cafés and bars around the Sorbonne and wrote the book in a month." Asked how her daddy, a happily married Paris manufacturer, felt about the autobiographical air of *Bonjour*—a first-person, intimate chronicle of a young girl who lives cozily with her father and his sundry mistresses—Françoise gasped: "Oh, poor Papa!" Chimed in her sister Suzanne, along on the trip: "But no! Papa would be flattered!"

Vacationing in Sicily, and waiting for unseasonable rains and chilly winds to end so that he could venture out with his paintbrushes and easel, Britain's retired



Yrawalla—Black Star
AMBASSADOR COOPER
The President came next.

Prime Minister, **Sir Winston Churchill**, holed up in his hotel suite, busied himself with revisions of his forthcoming *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, which he wrote before World War II, found little time to edit till now. He made a sensational dinner appearance one evening in a red siren suit and slippers to match, jollied the hotel into swallowing its "Sunny Sicily" slogans and turning on its central heating. But he pleased the management enormously by quaffing the house champagne instead of the supply shipped to him from Gibraltar. At week's end he and Lady Churchill were dinner guests of U.S. Ambassador to Italy **Clare Boothe Luce** and **Henry R. Luce**, TIME Inc.'s editor-in-chief, who announced afterwards that LIFE will serialize Writer Winston Churchill's latest *History*.

In Venezuela to horse around with thoroughbreds, **Prince Aly Khan** was greeted at the Caracas airport by newsmen addressing him as "mildred." The formality soon gave way to impertinent questions, which Aly answered with bubbling good humor. Asked one reporter: "How much did [ex-wife No. 2] **Rita Hayworth** cost you?" Chuckling, the prince cracked: "Why? Are you planning to marry her, too?" Led into expressing a preference for raven-haired Latin women, Aly was led right back into admitting that he has no personal prejudice against blondes—or redheads, for that matter. Finally, a newsmen popped the inevitable query: "Prince, to what do you attribute your phenomenal success with women?" Musing for a moment, Aly Khan brightened, allowed himself a thin laugh and modestly confessed: "Having money has helped."

EDUCATION

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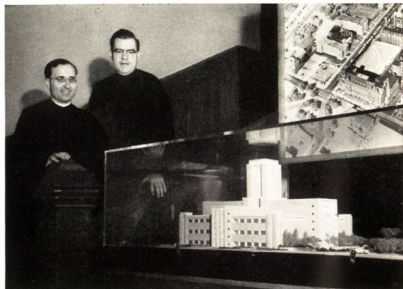
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proof

Riches from Rome

Two Jesuit priests on the faculty of St. Louis University sat down one summer day in 1950 and composed an unprecedented letter to the Vatican. "Reverende Pater, pax Christi," they wrote in their best Latin to the prefect of the library. Then they asked permission to carry out as ambitious a project as their university had ever undertaken. They wanted to microfilm the Vatican Library and bring it back to St. Louis. Neither Historian Lowrie Daly nor Librarian Joseph Donnelly knew "whether the project was possible, or even whether the Vatican would consider it. But we thought it was worth a try, so we shoved it into channels

from medicine to mathematics, astrology to astronomy, Roman civil to medieval canon law.

Meanwhile, there was the problem of equipment. In 1951 the U.S. Air Force was buying up most of the film available in Europe, and the only company that could produce the proper developer ("We were developing small rolls by hand, but you can't make any speed that way") was already way behind in filling its orders. Father Donnelly took his problems to Remington Rand and the Graphic Microfilm Corp. of New York, gradually got an adequate supply of film, and the promise of a developer from another company. But when the machine arrived at Idlewild, it was too big for the hatch of the



ST. LOUIS' DALY & DONNELLY WITH PROJECTED LIBRARY
Out of a dream, the treasures of Western thought.

Floyd S. Bower

to see what would happen." In December, "much to our amazement," the Vatican granted permission.

Since then, the project has achieved proportions that Fathers Daly and Donnelly never dreamed of. At first they thought the cost of filming would be about \$50,000, soon found that the figure would come to at least five times that amount. By last week the sum was up into the millions: St. Louis was not only going to have copies of the Vatican's treasures; it would also have a \$4,500,000 Pope Pius XII Memorial Library to house them.

Treasure Hunt. When Daly and Donnelly first settled down to work in 1951, they faced a staggering task. Since they could not film all the volumes in the Vatican, they had to select the books and manuscripts most valuable to scholars. The Vatican's indexes, however, often gave only sketchy descriptions of the various books, and it was necessary to consult scores of experts in all sorts of fields

freight airplane. Finally, after many months, the developer reached its destination. By that time it was March 1952.

Don't Skip. In selecting their material, Daly and Donnelly tried to avoid duplication. "But just when we were ready to skip something," says Father Daly, "up would pop something important." In a 12th century Bible, they found the musical notations of a choir master, "all of great value to students of musical history." In one of the many copies of Galen's works, they found that marginal notes of a 13th century physician offered innumerable clues to the medical practice of his day. It soon became obvious that precious little could be skipped without first being thoroughly examined.

Now, with funds from the Knights of Columbus, Daly and Donnelly have eight electric cameras going at the Vatican, as well as two big developers, a printer and an electric splicer. Meanwhile, in St. Louis, a committee of 62 businessmen, including Roman Catholics, Protestants and

Jews, is raising the millions necessary for the big Pope Pius XII library. And a national committee, headed by Houston Oilman George Strake, is trying to raise \$1,900,000 more for a permanent endowment. Thus, because of the dream of two of its priests, St. Louis is now well on the way to becoming an outstanding world center for the study of Western thought. Among the filmed treasures it will have: the 4th century *Codex Vaticanus*, one of the oldest and most important copies of the Bible; the 6th century *Codex Marchalianus*, containing the complete Old Testament prophets; the original manuscript of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Contra Gentiles*.

The Europoligists

Napoleon once slept there, but the occupants of the moldering Grand Hotel in Bruges, Belgium do not boast about the fact. A dedicated band of scholars and students, they are trying to shape a new kind of Bruges—one in which Napoleons will be impossible. The institution they belong to is the highly visionary College of Europe.

The college was born at the 1948 Congress of Europe in The Hague. There, Salvador de Madariaga, onetime Spanish Ambassador to the U.S., suggested that a special school be set up for the study of continental unification. A Flemish Franciscan, Anton K. Verleye, seconded the motion, moved that the school be located in Bruges ("There is a European spirit in the very stones of this city"). In 1949 an experimental, three-week course began; in 1950 its founders decided to expand the school, picked Dutchman Hendrik Brugmans, professor of French literature at the State University at Utrecht, to be its head. Last week, having just received the first fruits of his recent U.S. tour in the form of a \$10,000 donation from the Ford Foundation, Rector Brugmans had reason to feel that the college's mission has become even broader than its name. "Our concept of Europe," says he, "goes as far as liberty goes."

Underlying Themes. Today, financed by grants from the Belgian, Dutch, Luxembourg and West German governments, the college has 37 students from 16 different countries, including three refugees from Eastern Europe. All are university graduates, and except for two American Fulbrighters, all get college scholarships. They are allowed to stay only one year ("If we made it longer," says Brugmans, "we would, I fear, attract the eternal student"), but in that time, they are confronted by a course of studies duplicated nowhere else. Its purpose, says Brugmans, is to expose the student to a new attitude and a whole new field: "Europolology."

Under such teachers as Jan Tinbergen, The Netherlands' top economist, Walter Hoffmann, director of the Institute of Economic and Social Studies at the Westphalian State University of Münster, Paul Guggenheim, professor of public international law at Geneva's Graduate Institute of International Studies, and British Historian John Bowle, each student concen-



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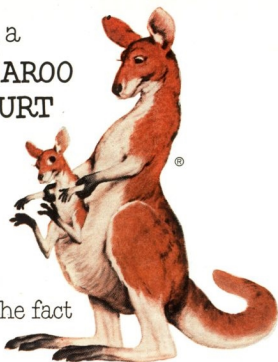
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trates on three out of eight broad subjects offered: history, political science, economics, law, sociology, geography, administrative science, European institutions. Every year, before the term begins, the faculty picks the various themes that will underlie the year's work.

Parallel Lives. In anthropology, students may concentrate on underdeveloped areas. In law, they may study the unification of legal systems and the transition from national to supranational law. In history, they study what Brugmans calls "parallel lives"—e.g., the careers of Richelieu, Bismarck, Cavour, "A Frenchman," says Brugmans, "reacts favorably to Richelieu and unfavorably to Bismarck. Yet these men accomplished the same task in roughly the same way."

In five years the college has had only one failure. A young Frenchman whose father was killed by the Nazis found that he just could not live with Germans around. The rest of the college's alumni have gone either into their own foreign services or gravitated to such international organizations as the Council of Europe and the Coal and Steel Community. "The curious thing," says Europologist Brugmans, "is that when they get back to their countries, they find their countries have changed. They haven't, of course. The students have."

Report Card

¶ At the University of Nebraska, hundreds of spring-feverish men students poured out of their rooms one day last week, rushed into a coed dormitory and sorority houses. There they snatched up as many flimsy garments as they could, paraded about the campus in this year's first manifestation of that modern collegiate custom, the panty raid. Net result: seven students suspended.

¶ In a sudden burst of energy, the Georgia Board of Education carried the white man's burden into a new field: censorship. In quick succession, the board 1) objected to a new Stephen Foster songbook because the lines "Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary" had been changed to "Oh, brothers . . ."; 2) took under advisement the long-used text, *America, Land of Freedom*, because it devotes "only several little paragraphs" to the South's role in the Revolutionary War; and 3) refused immediate approval of another textbook called *Our Changing Social Order* because of its chapter on racial "differences." Said one board member of the book: "All this section says is that all races have the same anatomy."

¶ Appointment of the week: Howard R. Bowen, 46, professor of economics at Williams College, to succeed Samuel N. Stevens as seventh president of Iowa's Grinnell College. A graduate of the State College of Washington, Bowen has served as economist for both Manhattan's Irving Trust Co. and the U.S. Department of Commerce, in 1950 ran smack into a storm of controversy when, as dean of the college of commerce at the University of Illinois, he tried to liberalize his faculty and was finally forced to resign.



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Ex-Friends

The word spread quickly through CBS's Manhattan headquarters: "Godfrey's done it again." Without warning, TV's Arthur Godfrey had called in three writers and six members of his cast, bluntly told them that they were fired "in the interests of good showmanship." Said Godfrey to the press: "These people have all achieved stardom, and I am proud of them."

For all Godfrey's abruptness, some reorganization was overdue. *Arthur Godfrey and his Friends* (Wed. 8 p.m., CBS), showing the same faces week after week, has been losing listeners to ABC's *Disneyland*. Explained Godfrey: "We're top-heavy with stars." Even his brighter Monday night *Talent Scouts*, with its constant turnover of fresh talent, has tumbled off the lists of top 20 shows. Godfrey's remedy: "a new show," possibly a bigger *Talent Scouts*, with the accent on eager new faces. "What's all the excitement about?" Godfrey grumped. "Both NBC and CBS once fired me the same way."

Like their predecessor-in-exile, Singer Julius La Rosa (TIME, Nov. 2, 1953), Godfrey's ex-friends soon discovered that they had been hit with a golden ax. Flame-haired Songstress Marion Marlowe drew a fast \$36,000 bid from Ed (*Toast of the Town*) Sullivan, also of CBS, who is always eager to snap up his rival's discarded aces; The Mariners, a Negro-white quartet (their last song for Godfrey: *I Didn't Come to Say Hello, I Came to Say Good-Bye*), also got a Sullivan offer plus a flood of nightclub bookings. But Hawaiian Singer-Hula Dancer Haleloke, a longtime Godfrey fixture, was so upset that she took to her bed. As for the writers, Godfrey said: "They just

write those little cards I read from. I don't need writers unless I can find some with new ideas."

After his hard day's work, Godfrey left his office on crutches (a hangover from his 1953 hip operation), accompanied by a pert young secretary. "Who's the lady with you?" asked a reporter. Godfrey showed all his teeth. "She's my mother." So saying, he hopped into his black Cadillac, threw the crutches in the back seat and drove off for a quiet weekend.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, April 20. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., A.B.C.), *The Story of Donald Duck*.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Manhattan Merchant Adam Gimbel and Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra.

Damon Runyon Theater (Sat. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Broderick Crawford in *Dancing Dan's Christmas*.

General Electric Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). *The Windmill*, with James Stewart, **A-Bomb Test Blast** (Tues., 8 a.m., CBS and NBC). On-the-spot (Yucca Flat, Nev.) radio-TV coverage.

Bob Hope (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC). With Lloyd Nolan, French Songstress Line Renaud.

RADIO

Boston Symphony (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. Conductor: Charles Munch.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sun. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Selections from Wagner and Sibelius. Conductor: Eugene Ormandy.



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MEDICINE

It Works

The big news came in three words: "The vaccine works."

That was how the University of Michigan started off its terse summary of the verdict on the Salk polio vaccine. The reading of the report itself took longer, and the setting in the university's Rackham auditorium was elaborate. Under the klieg lights set up for TV and newsreel cameras, surrounded by microphones and 150 reporters, sat the unquestioned hero of the occasion: Dr. Jonas Edward Salk, 40, the determined, youthful-looking virologist who for five years had battled in his University of Pittsburgh laboratory to lick polio. Next to him sat the University of Michigan's Dr. Thomas Francis Jr., 54, one of the U.S.'s most eminent epidemiologists, who had been chosen by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to evaluate last year's nationwide tests of the Salk vaccine. For an hour and a half, Dr. Francis read his report in an even, matter-of-fact tone. The gist:

¶ The vaccine is up to 90% effective.

¶ The vaccine causes a minimum of undesirable side effects—all, apparently, minor.

¶ Results were most favorable from the areas where conditions were best for accurate appraisal.

Dr. Francis stopped when he finished telling what had been done. Dr. Salk, who rose to a standing ovation from 500 usually undemonstrative scientists, took a peek into the future: the vaccine, he suggested, might be made almost 100% effective. This does not mean that polio will be suddenly abolished. But it could mean that as vaccination becomes universal for children, whole generations will grow up free of the paralysis that has condemned so many to enfeebled limbs or iron lungs. Eventually, polio can become as rare as smallpox—which U.S. doctors now rarely get a chance to identify.

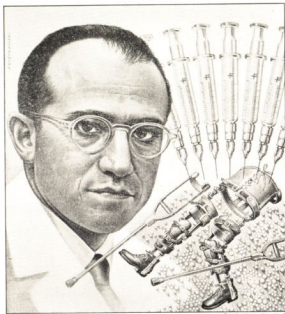
The Test. The task of deciding how good the vaccine is, which seems so easy, proved forbiddingly difficult, though Dr. Francis had all the help he needed from Michigan's School of Public Health, the U.S. Public Health Service and even the Bureau of the Census.

The test vaccine was given in 127 areas, deliberately picked because they had had a high polio-attack rate for several years. This was to make sure that there would be enough cases for the epidemiologists and their statistical machines. No fewer than 1,830,000 children were studied in the trials (440,000 were inoculated with the vaccine, 210,000 got a dummy substance, 1,180,000 were merely observed as "controls").

Among these children, there were only

1,013 cases reported as polio (in the U.S. as a whole there were 38,000 cases in 1954). And the disease is so hard to identify that 150 of the reported cases were thrown out, leaving Dr. Francis' staff only 863 confirmed polio cases. But from a mountain of data about the cases that did not develop as well as about those that did, Dr. Francis' team gathered these principal facts:

The Vaccine Is Safe. "Minor reactions," meaning a touch of headache or fever, or soreness at the injection site, were just as common among children who got the dummy shots as among those receiving vaccine; possible "major reactions" such as high fever or severe rash were actually more common among those



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who got the placebo shots. No major reaction could be definitely laid to either substance; the evidence was that all were either coincidental or psychosomatic. Most important, perhaps: no child developed polio as a result of vaccination.

It Is Effective. Of those who received vaccine, only 57 developed polio. Of these, only one died: Patricia Redick, 8, of Tulsa. She received her first shot in April, then had her tonsils out, got a second shot in May and died two weeks later. In Patricia's case, two things were wrong: the vaccinations were too late, because Oklahoma's early polio season had already begun, and it has long been known that a tonsillectomy is dangerous when polio threatens.

Proportionately, there were 2½ times as many polio cases (142) among children who received dummy shots as among those who received real vaccine. Still more

encouraging statistically, the unvaccinated had 3½ times as many paralytic cases, and there was a kind of protective gradient: the more severe the type of paralysis, the greater the difference in incidence between those who got the vaccine and those who did not. In other words, the vaccine appears most effective against the worst forms of polio. These results were most clear-cut in the eleven states where vaccine was contrasted with placebo; in the 33 states where children received either real vaccine or nothing, the results were similar but a bit blurred. (Probable reason: anxious parents of children who got no shots may have had them inoculated on the side with gamma globulin, which has a short-lived protective effect.)

Among the children who were observed for evidence of polio but who got no shots, there were eleven deaths. Among children who got placebo shots, there were four deaths.

It Is Potent. This quality was measured by the vaccine's ability to raise the bloodstream concentration of antibodies that can defeat an invasion by the polio virus. To prove it, 27,000 blood samples from 9,000 children, taken before and at intervals after vaccination, were meticulously studied. (This part of the evaluation program alone involved highly technical work with 2,000,000 test tubes, took five months.) However, no sooner had Dr. Francis finished reporting his results than Dr. Salk rose last week to confirm newer findings at which he had hinted last fall (TIME, Sept. 20).

If three shots are given within five weeks, as was done last year, the effectiveness of the vaccine will last for at least a polio season. But if two shots are given within a month, and there is then an interval of at least seven months before a third shot is given, two advantages are gained: 1) the strength of antibodies is raised more quickly and to a much higher level (higher, often, than would follow a natural infection with polio), and 2) the immunity lasts longer because the system's antibody-manufacturing plant develops an "immunologic memory" or conditioned reflex.

It Will Get Better. So far, Dr. Salk does not know whether this degree of immunity will last for a lifetime or only a few years. He can go back only 2½ years in pointing to test subjects who have enjoyed vaccine-conferred immunity. So it may be that all the vaccinated will need booster shots every five or ten years. However, this is more a scientific possibility than a probability.

In summary, Dr. Francis suggested that the vaccine had been 80-90% effective in the placebo-control states and 60-70% effective in observed-control states. Most vaccines now in general use against virus diseases are rated 95% effective, but none achieved this in the first year or two of testing.

© ON TIME'S cover, March 29, 1954.

What Is It?

Six big U.S. pharmaceutical firms* are now producing Salk vaccine or hurrying to get into production. The vaccine works on a principle that has already provided protection against such traditional plagues as smallpox and yellow fever. When they attack human beings or other mammals, most viruses stimulate the invaded system to manufacture tiny protein particles called antibodies. If the system under assault does not have enough of these antibodies, or cannot manufacture them fast enough, the victim may die, or, with polio, suffer permanent crippling.

* Cutter Laboratories, Berkeley, Calif.; Eli Lilly Co. and Pittman-Moore, Indianapolis; Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit; Sharp & Dohme and Wyeth Laboratories, Inc., Philadelphia.

Polio virus is unusual in that there are three main types. All can cause paralysis, but one type causes more than the others combined. Within each type there are many different strains. The Salk vaccine is made by taking a representative strain of each type and growing it—till it reaches many times its original strength—in a broth made with snips of monkey kidney. (To keep production going, 4,000 monkeys a month are flown in from India and the Philippines.) Then the virus in each deadly brew is killed with formaldehyde. Strangely, although the virus particles now lose their power to multiply or to cause disease, they keep their power to stimulate a higher animal to produce antibodies. Because in the Salk formula the virus types are mixed, the Salk vaccine is really three vaccines in one, effective against all known polio strains.

End of a War

Never before in history had a medical development been big, instantaneous news over a large part of the world. Such a momentous item as Fleming's penicillin molded for years in musty libraries before laymen heard of it. Last week's report on the Salk vaccine was good for banner headlines everywhere, and was covered by the press as massively as the end of a major war—which it was.

Ironically, poliomyelitis has always been a relatively uncommon disease with a comparatively low death rate.¹⁰ Polio is actually less of a public-health problem than rheumatic fever and some forms of cancer which single out the young. But,

¹⁰ Polio death rate is 1 per 100,000; rheumatic heart disease, 13; leukemia, 6.1.

WHO WILL GET THE VACCINE

THE heartening report from Ann Arbor last week raised an urgent question for every U.S. parent: "Can my children get shots this year to keep them safe from polio?"

For about 30 million (more than half the U.S. population under 18), the answer will be yes. Among them, a vast majority of children up to ten years of age will get the shots in one way or another.

Originally, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis had intended to offer the vaccine in a series of three closely spaced shots within five weeks of each other, as was done in last year's nationwide test. On that basis, the foundation ordered 27 million cc. of vaccine last winter (TIME, Nov. 1). This amount was to be given free to some 9,000,000 (children and pregnant women) most threatened by polio. At the same time, the manufacturing companies also decided to make an identical amount of vaccine on their own account, to be sold commercially. But last week, Dr. Salk upset everybody's calculations by reporting that it is better not to give all three shots within five weeks. More effective to build up immunity, Dr. Salk has found, will be two shots this spring, within a month, and a third after at least seven months. As a result, with only two rather than three shots needed for the first big inoculation, there is a surplus left from the amount originally ordered by the foundation—a surplus that can be used to inoculate half again as many subjects as originally planned. The foundation has decided to let the manufacturing companies sell this surplus commercially. (The foundation is this actually buying one-third less vaccine, will use the savings of \$3,000,000 to help pay for the care of victims still crippled from last year's and previous years' polio epidemics.)

Who Gets It Free? The foundation will distribute the vaccine free to these groups:

- 1 Children (7,000,000) in the first and second grades.
- 2 210,000 "polio pioneers" of 1954 in eleven states who got a useless salt solution as a placebo instead of real vaccine in last year's test.
- 3 1,180,000 pioneers in 33 states, in the first and third grades last year, who were "observed controls" but got no injection.
- 4 440,000 pioneers who received vaccine last year but on a less effective, condensed schedule (they will get one shot as a booster).

These groups will get their shots from volunteer doctors and nurses at inoculation centers now being set up across the nation in schools and other public buildings. As soon as each batch of vaccine is checked by federal health authorities, it is being shipped to the centers—first to Southern states, where the polio season starts earliest. In many states

the vaccinations began this week. Parents' permission is needed for all shots.

Who Can Buy It? The surplus turned back to the manufacturers, plus the companies' own supplies, forms a probable pool of 42 million cc. for commercial distribution, or enough for two-shot inoculations for 21 million individuals. How this pool is to be distributed is at present left to state and local officials. Priorities are being drawn up and the order suggested in most states is something like this:

Kindergarten pupils.

Children in the third through eighth grades.

Pregnant women.

Children aged one to five.

Youths from 14 to 20.

Theoretically, these groups will have to pay for the vaccine and have it administered by private physicians (\$2 a shot, plus a probable doctor's fee of \$3 to \$5). Actually, many states will buy vaccine and give it to at least part of these groups free, e.g., Florida and California legislators introduced bills to cover some indigent or susceptible children; New York's Governor Harriman found \$500,000 to extend the free distribution to 250,000 third and fourth graders, and New York City planned to give it to all under 20 who are in school.

What Controls? In an effort to ensure that these local and state measures will in fact divide the vaccine equitably across the nation, Health Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby called a conference of medical men and manufacturers for this week. The Administration is reluctant to get involved in a rigid system of controls. Washington hopes that the manufacturers can head off a vaccine black market, probably by allocating it directly to doctors—pediatricians first, then gynecologists, general practitioners last. The doctors would then administer the shots in accordance with the suggested priorities (most of them voluntary, not designed to be enforced by law). Some doctors are already under pressure from parents to vaccinate youngsters out of turn, although as of this week few private physicians had any vaccine.

The Third Shot. There are no definite provisions yet for a regulated third shot after seven months. If the follow-up is left to parents, many will forget it or will not have the doctor's fee for an office call. If the schools assume the responsibility of arranging a formal program, which would assure wide participation, the states and subdivisions will have to pony up the money.

Who Will Not Get Vaccine. In most of the U.S., youths aged 14 to 20 have slim chances of getting the vaccine this year, and adults (except pregnant women) should not be able to get any. Next year there should be enough for all.

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largely because of its long-term crippling effects, no disease except cancer has been so widely feared in the last three decades. With polio's dramatic defeat, as the *Detroit Free Press* wrote, "The prayers and hopes of millions . . . in all parts of the world were answered."

Medals & Movies. President Dwight Eisenhower ordered the State Department to transmit information on the Salk vaccine and its effectiveness to 75 nations through U.S. Ambassadors, and the World Health Organization planned to duplicate this effort. The U.S. Department of Commerce put an immediate embargo on future shipments of the vaccine, and experts thought that the U.S. would have little to spare for export before 1957. Actually, relatively few countries have facilities to make the vaccine; only a few areas in the world have a serious polio problem, for clinical polio is a disease that goes with high standards of hygiene and sanitation. Highest recent incidence abroad: Canada, New Zealand, Scandinavia.

"An American gift to the world" is what the *Toronto Daily Star* called the vaccine, and as far as Dr. Jonas E. Salk and his colleagues were concerned, it was literally a gift. They are not getting a penny from the vaccine's manufacture (the six pharmaceutical firms making the vaccine are selling it at cost to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, but will otherwise sell for normal profit, an average \$1.50 per shot). But for Dr. Salk, at least, other rewards were multiplying. Judges headed by Dr. Charles W. Mayo picked him to receive \$10,000, tax free, and a gold medal awarded by the Mutual of Omaha Insurance Co. New York Republican Steven Derouanian offered a bill in the House to give "this doctor and humanitarian" a special Congressional Medal. Guatemala's President Carlos Castillo Armas bestowed on Salk the country's highest honor, the Order of the Quetzal. Norwegian schoolchildren collected money for a painting to give him, and three Hollywood movie companies said they wanted to film his life story.

Back to the Lab. In their own way, politicians paid tribute to Dr. Salk by ringing statements concerning fair and even distribution of the vaccine. The *New York Post* echoed New York's Health Commissioner Herman E. Hilleboe in screaming for federal controls.

And what of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, with its 250 headquarters personnel and 3,100 chapters spread across the U.S.? Dr. Salk, who worked successfully to a sweeping solution of its problem, suggested that medical science should turn its biggest guns next on mental illness. To help science do this, an organization like the foundation would come in handy.

As for Dr. Salk himself, he stayed awhile in Ann Arbor, where the telephone hardly ever stopped ringing and the telegrams piled up by the basket. Back in Pittsburgh for a well-earned weekend with his wife and three sons, Dr. Salk said: "The most important thing to me is to get back in the lab."



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highway money is needed most urgently.

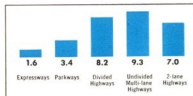
In the past five years, Connecticut has spent over \$86 million for new roads alone—about \$43 per capita. But, as in all the states, much remains to be done. It would cost \$700,000,000 to bring its road system completely up to date.

Like Connecticut, your state is working hard to improve its roads, but it needs your support. Find out what your state wants to do for you. It takes only a post card to your state highway commissioner or governor. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known.

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If your organization is interested in seeing "The Perfect Crime," a dramatic motion picture showing the effect of absolute roads on your pocketbook and safety, write Caterpillar Tractor Co., Box T-4, Peoria, Illinois.



• Here are the fatality rates on different types of Connecticut roads over an eight-year period. It is based on fatalities per 100,000,000 vehicle miles. The three highest rates are on roads with grade intersections.

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(Left) Connecticut's modern Merritt-Wilbur Cross Parkway—its death rate is 2½ times less than the old Post Road (U. S. 1). And motorists make the 43 miles 42 minutes faster.

(Right) Wherever you see big yellow machines at work, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



RELIGION

The Wiretapper

Smiling through her pain, the young woman is wheeled into the delivery room for her first baby while the nurse tries vainly to notify the father. Where can he be? Far from the hospital, he has just installed an ingenious electronic warning system in the house of a gangster. He and his criminal client are admiring it when suddenly the alarm sounds; a time bomb has just been shoved through a cellar window. At the very moment the doctor in the hospital snips the umbilical cord of the baby girl, the young father, sweating with tension, snips the bomb's wires and saves the gangster's life.

This is a high point in a movie called *Wiretapper*, designed by ex-Wiretapper



EVANGELISTS VAUS & GRAHAM
A light on the road to St. Louis.

Jim Vaus to bring sinners to repentance by dramatizing his own life on the fringe of big-time wrongdoings. *Wiretapper* (starring Bill Williams and Georgia Lee) has its world premiere in Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium this week before an admission-free audience (it is still uncertain whether it will be distributed commercially). *Wiretapper* is the latest and possibly most potent weapon in the arsenal of a personable young evangelist.

No Collection Problems. In 1947 Jim Vaus was a Los Angeles electronics engineer in business for himself. Doing illegal wiretapping for the police to collect evidence on a call-girl racket brought him publicity, and publicity got him into the lucrative line of tapping the phones of Hollywood stars. Wrote Jim, in *Why I Quit Syndicated Crime*, the basis of his movie: "Men of this caliber are always after information about the private activities of their current heartbeat . . . The part I liked about this business was that

there were no collection problems. If I couldn't get the price I wanted from one side, I could always sell out to the other side. In fact, just the threat of doing so usually secured immediate payment."

After such free-lance blackmail, he was spotted as a comer by big crime's talent scouts. Behind a steel-plated door in the rear of his toney haberdashery, Racketeer Mickey Cohen began to peel off \$100 bills and to the bemused gaze of Wiretapper Vaus, the long green "became a diamond ring for Alice, chromium accessories for my car, a new tailor-made suit, a hand-painted tie . . ." But the highlight of Jim's criminal career was a slick trick for improving his judgment of race horses. He would cut into the direct Teletype wire between a bookie and the race track, take the race results on his own Teletype, and signal a confederate to place last-minute bets with the unsuspecting bookie before feeding the delayed tape back into the bookie's wire again.

He was about to leave for St. Louis to make a new installation of this type when he stepped into a Billy Graham rally. At first he just sat there "looking around, picking out a man who needed a haircut or one whose suit was ill-fitting across the back. I ignored the better-dressed people, and tried to justify my past actions by deciding the poorly dressed ones were the Christians." But by the time Billy Graham had reached the last words of his "invitation," Jim Vaus had stumbled over to the prayer tent and fallen on his knees.

To Reach the Unreached. Since then, Wiretapper Vaus has been Evangelist Vaus. Following the footsteps of his fundamentalist preacher father, he travels from pulpit to pulpit in a panel truck with \$18,000 worth of electronic equipment. He sets it up in churches, and rivets audiences with his electronic demonstration—stereophonic sound effects, high-voltage cracklings through the human body, experiments with sound and light beyond human range. This makes a preacher's point: "You don't feel everything, you don't hear everything, you don't see everything—yet you say that you don't believe what you don't feel, see and hear!"

His audiences are large, and his "love offerings" average more than \$3,000 a month, all of which goes into his Missionary Communication Service, a non-profit foundation to provide electronic equipment to missionaries around the world. Vaus, his wife Alice and three children live on \$400 a month.

Missionary Communication Service stands to profit by the movie version of Jim's life. Except for an inspirational ending, it is an orthodox crime thriller, complete with gunplay and side-mouthed snarls. The big conversion scene shows Billy Graham at work, and he might move some spectators as he did the movie's hero. But after a recent Los Angeles preview, one preacher rose to strike a blow for those who abhor the idea of luring people into the sinful movie house, even

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on God's behalf. Ex-Sinner Vaus came back at him fast: "This movie wasn't designed to reach the righteous," he said. "It was designed to bring sinners to God. It was designed to reach the unreachable."

The Mayor & the Priest

For a country of lively anticlericalism, Marxist polemics and half-empty churches, France has some surprising reading tastes. The bestseller of the last ten years, reports the current issue of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, is *The Little World of Don Camillo*.⁶ Italian Author Giovanni Guareschi's famed series of stories about the saintly deviltries of Village Priest Don Camillo in his running war with Communist Mayor Peppone. One reason for the book's popularity may be that, while to U.S. readers such shenanigans are amusingly exotic, to Frenchmen they are amusingly, and often disturbingly, familiar. There is, for instance, the case of the mayor, the priest and the hearse of Civrac.

Scratches & Mildew. In 1935 Father Jean-René Lagrave came to the village of Civrac-en-Médoc (pop. 580) in southern France, and took up residence in the parish house beside the beautiful, red-tiled, 12th century church. Plump, pink-cheeked Father Lagrave, 64, played his violin, said his Mass, baptized, married and buried—and all was well. All was still well when tall, lean Henri Mamour was elected mayor. Mamour was a freethinker, but that did not stop him from including in his election platform a pledge to "build up, improve and enlarge the presbytery of Civrac."

There was a little trouble over a chateau the priest hoped to turn into an old people's home. The mayor said that Abbé Lagrave was asking too much money from the village treasury for such parish projects; the priest said that Mamour was angry because the mayor and a group of vintners had planned to buy the chateau at a bargain rate themselves. But the hearse was a bigger issue.

It had always stood in the parish-house garage. But then Father Lagrave bought a car, and the hearse was moved under the protecting eaves of the schoolhouse. This was not satisfactory; parents complained that their children were depressed by the sight of the great black carriage with its silver trimmings, and the village authorities complained that the children were clambering all over it and scratching the paint. So the hearse was moved to the butcher's. That was not satisfactory either; the big slabs of meat hanging near by were said to be causing mildew in the

⁶ Among the others: *Le Grand Cirque*, by Pierre Cluysmann, the memoirs of a French pilot with the R.A.F.; *I Chose Freedom*, by Victor Kravchenko; *Darkness at Noon*, by Arthur Koestler; *The Silence of the Sea*, a bitter resistance novel by Vercors (Jean Bruller); *The Little Prince*, a modern fairy tale by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry; *The Plague*, by Existentialist Albert Camus; *Les Carnets du Major Thompson*, by Pierre Daninos, a gentle satire on the French; *Conquest of Everest*, by Sir John Hunt; *Forever Amber*, by Kathleen Winsor; *Jesus and His Times*, by Henry Daniel-Rops.



In Chicago, the Chief is at Your Service

Where else but in Chicago's famed College Inn Porterhouse Restaurant would your after-dinner coffee be poured by a full-blooded Indian chief? The turbaned and feathered coffee boys of the Pump Room (of flaming sword fame) are equally unique.

Another unusual thing about these two great restaurants is the fact that they are to be found in hotels — in Chicago's two finest hotels, to be exact. The Pump Room is in the Ambassador Hotel, the College Inn Porterhouse is in the Hotel Sherman.

Next time you come to Chicago, let the reputations of these two incomparable restaurants guide you to Chicago's finest hotels. The appointments, accommodations and service all measure up to the matchless cuisine. Suites and rooms provide television, radio and air-conditioning.

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hearse. Last December the municipal council voted overwhelmingly to move the hearse back to the parish house. Moreover, the fire engine and the corn-husking machine were to be kept at the parish house too.

Forgiveness. Workmen began battering down a presbytery lay preparatory to building a new garage for these vehicles. Next day, Mayor Mamour and Robert Mocriau, the local *garde champêtre* (village policeman), arrived to inspect operations. They found that Father Lagrave had blocked the hole in the wall. Policeman Mocriau and Priest Lagrave began to exchange remarks. Suddenly, Father Lagrave seized the policeman by the arm and pointed to the letters G.C. (for *garde champêtre*) on his cap. "You know what those letters stand for, don't you," he shouted. "They stand for 'Grand Cretin'.



Guy

ABBÉ LAGRAVE

To make room for a hearse.

(Great Imbecile), and that's exactly what you are!"

After that, Civrac-en-Médoc became a village divided. The mayor habitually referred to the violin-playing priest as "that low-life fiddler," and the priest called the mayor a pagan. On the priest's side were the pious; ranged against him were the mayor, Policeman Mocriau, the proprietor of the bar-café (who had been prevented by Lagrave from turning the parish hall into a public dance hall) and Mme. Germain Camin, wife of a municipal councilor, whom Lagrave had fired from her job as his housekeeper.

It was a formidable combination. In Don Camillo's little world, the priest, for all his faults, always wins. But the little world of France is harsher. Last week Father Lagrave packed his two battered suitcases and said his last Mass at Civrac before a tiny congregation. Acting on repeated complaints from the mayor's faction, the Archbishop of Bordeaux had assigned Father Lagrave to a distant vil-



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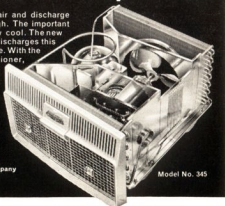
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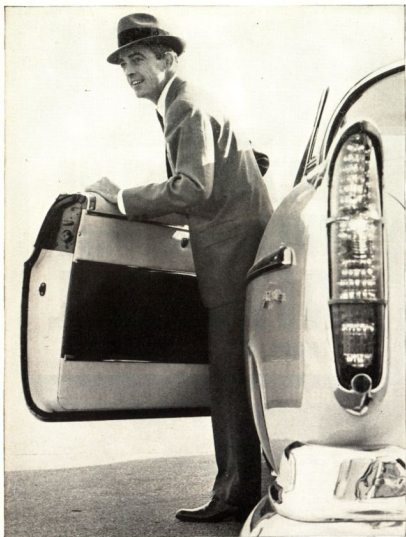
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lage. "I hold no bitterness," said Lagrave, as he prepared to make room for the village hearse at last. "This has not been a pleasant pastorate." His last sermon was on the subject of forgiveness.

Words & Works

¶ "One of the great problems of [Christian] missions toward the Jews today," writes Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich in *Christianity & Crisis*, "is that we often have the feeling that it is by historical providence that the Jews have an everlasting function in history . . . [This function] would be to criticize, in the power of the prophetic spirit, those tendencies in Christianity which drive toward paganism and idolatry. Judaism always stood against them as a witness and as a critic, and perhaps it is the meaning of historical providence that this shall remain so, as long as there is history. Individual Jews will always come to Christianity; but the question whether Christianity should try to convert Judaism as a whole is at least an open question, and a question about which many Biblical theologians of today are extremely skeptical . . ."

¶ In the German town of Darmstadt-Eberstadt (pop. 15,000), Protestant and Roman Catholic church bells rang out in new ecumenical harmony. The Catholic bells' low C.D.F.G. and the Evangelical bells' higher G.B.C.D. formed (more or less) the tune of the *Te Deum* composed in the 4th century and one of the most famous hymns in history.

¶ Appointed dean of the newly gingered-up Harvard Divinity School: the Rev. Douglas Horton, 63, Brooklyn-born, Princeton-educated ecumenical leader, who was until recently moderator of the International Congregational Council. With his wife, the former Mildred McAfee, sometime (1936-49) president of Wellesley and wartime head of the WAVES, Dr. Horton will live in Cambridge, Mass. His prime job: a \$5,000,000 expansion for Harvard Divinity.

¶ The U.S. is "getting a lot of scientists" who start "philosophizing at the age of 40" without being trained to do so, complained the Rev. Robert Henle, dean of St. Louis University Graduate School, at the annual convention of the National Catholic Educational Association. Einstein, for one, has been speculating out loud about the "nature and existence of God," and Father Henle objects "to his making an authoritative statement about an absolute. He has no training to talk about the existence . . . of God." Philosophy Professor Henle also does not expect "scientists to have sufficient wisdom to make moral judgments about the use of the atomic bomb . . ."

¶ Japan's 1,139-year-old Buddhist *Shingon* (True Word) sect became the first in the country to form a labor union with priests as members. Twelve shaven-headed apprentice priests last week joined office clerks in the "Temple of the Paramount Summit Labor Union" and drew up a contract complete with a strike clause. Main purpose: job security and better working conditions.

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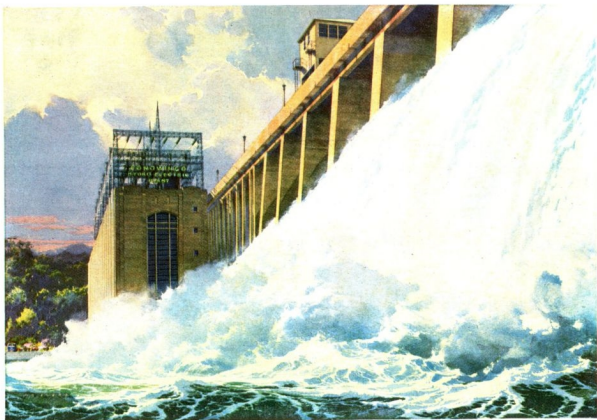
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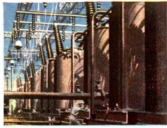
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SCIENCE

Rabinowitch's Nightmare

The mainspring of life is photosynthesis, the process by which plants manufacture food out of carbon dioxide and water under the influence of sunlight. So one of the problems of biology is to learn as much as possible about photosynthesis. If the process could be made more efficient, the world's food supply would take a large jump.

Since photosynthesis depends on the energy of sunlight, it stops when a plant is in darkness. In fact it runs backward. A plant respires (breathes) like an animal, absorbing oxygen and giving off carbon dioxide, and biologists have assumed that the plant respires in sunlight, too. No one could prove it, however, because the



Walter Daron

BOTANIST DECKER

Does the refrigerator light keep shining? effect of respiration (CO_2 given off) is masked by the effect of photosynthesis (CO_2 absorbed).

The difficulty of measuring the daytime respiration rate is called "Rabinowitch's nightmare."* For years it haunted biologists, who compared it to the problem of finding out if the refrigerator light is shining after the door is closed.

Last week Dr. John Decker of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden announced that he has punched a hole in Rabinowitch's problem. He enclosed one leaf of a tobacco plant in a glass chamber fitted with sensitive instruments for measuring CO_2 in the air. The amount of CO_2 decreases when the leaf is photosynthesizing under a strong electric light. It increases when the plant is respiring in darkness.

Dr. Decker's experiment: measuring

* From Eugene Rabinowitch, authority on photosynthesis, now editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*.



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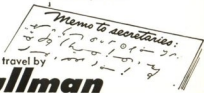
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what happens after the light is turned off. For seconds, he found, the leaf gave off a large amount of CO_2 . Then the figure fell to the normal amount given off in darkness. Dr. Decker believes that photosynthesis stops when the light fails, but that the daytime respiration that accompanies photosynthesis does not stop quite so suddenly. "It is like catching the leaf," he says, "with its pants down before it can adjust to darkness."

Dr. Decker's method with Rabinowitch's nightmare may have considerable implications. A plant's production of food is the net result of its photosynthesis minus its respiration. Dr. Decker hopes to breed hybrid plants that breathe only slightly in sunlight, permitting photosynthesis to manufacture more food.

Reviewing Scud

Ever since cloud-seeding began (TIME, Aug. 28, 1950), the scientific rainmakers have been haunted by a stimulating worry. They feared—or hoped—that their Dry Ice and silver iodide might do more than wring the water out of local masses of susceptible clouds. Rainmaking might possibly start meteorological chain reactions, conjure up violent storms, bring blizzards whistling down from Canada, or even beckon hurricanes off the open sea. This possibility had a military angle: timely cloud-seeding from a safe distance might mess up the weather of an enemy country.

Last week Meteorologist Dr. Jerome Spar of New York University laid this interesting ghost, or at least cut it down considerably, by reporting on the lack of success of the Navy's recently declassified "Project Scud." While maintaining a neutral position, Dr. Spar agreed that the thing should be tried. Backed by the Office of Naval Research, he organized a two-year experiment that covered the U.S.'s eastern seaboard.

During the periods of January to April 1953 and December 1953 to April 1954, Dr. Spar and his assistants at New York University selected 37 "meteorological situations." Ten hours ahead of the time that they thought the clouds would be ripe for seeding, they telephoned Norfolk, Va. When zero hour came, three planes flew parallel tracks, dropping trails of Dry Ice. Simultaneously, 17 ground generators, from Tampa, Fla. to New York City, filled the air with silver iodide particles.

Guided by chance, the Norfolk seeders reserved 19 of the 37 situations as "controls," which were left unseeded. The meteorologists were not told which clouds were left unseeded.

Both the ravished and the virgin situations were studied carefully. The verdict: "No evidence of large-scale meteorological effects due to seeding."

Dr. Spar does not insist that cloud-seeding has no local effects. He is convinced that Project Scud has proved that large-scale weather is not sensitive to man-started chain reactions.

Not all meteorologists will accept this conclusion. Vincent Schaefer, developer of Dry Ice cloud-seeding, says that Project Scud proves only that seeding of one type



PROGRESS THROUGH ANACONDA METALS

The 15-ft. cable that breaks a bottleneck

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To meet this new code, engineers of Anaconda Wire & Cable Company developed a new cable known as Silvaline SE-100. It can carry *15% more electricity* than even the builders called for. It's perhaps the best entrance cable ever made.

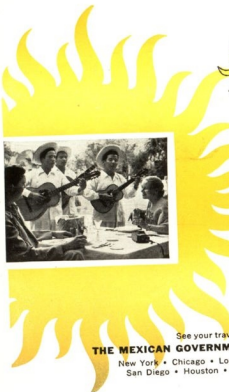
Now the electric utility can supply more power to run more air conditioners, more freezers, more major appliances of all kinds. With this new cable on the job,

no one need fear poor performance.

THE FUTURE: Better products like this new cable are constantly coming from Anaconda. A rich heritage of experience in metals and engineering has made each new advance possible...often years before others. This is why the Man from Anaconda can usually save you time, trouble and money. *Anaconda, 25 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.*

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Most styles — \$14.95 — \$19.95

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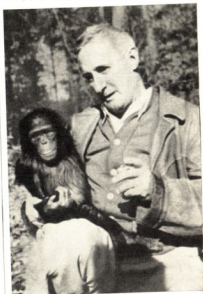
Ask for the Continental Tie at your local Taylor merchant, or write E. E. Taylor Corp., Freeport, Maine, Dept. T

produces no startling results. It does not prove that other efforts would be ineffective. His former boss, Nobel Prizewinner Irving Langmuir, asked to participate in Project Scud, but was refused.

Look Upward, Chimp

Dr. Sydney W. Britton of the University of Virginia kept chimpanzees around the house. He treated them well and grew quite fond of them. His object: to learn from the chimps why their distant human cousins have big brains and walk on their hind legs. Last week, at a meeting of the National Society for Medical Research in San Francisco, he told his theory:

The Britton chimps normally walked on all fours, standing upright only when excited or when they wanted to look around. But they could be made to stand upright for as much as eight hours by being put on a tilting table. The erect pos-



DR. BRITTON & BONGA
Her hands got cold.

ture caused a greater flow of blood to the brain. Dr. Britton believes that when man's apelike, all-fours ancestors started to walk on their hind legs, their brains grew bigger.

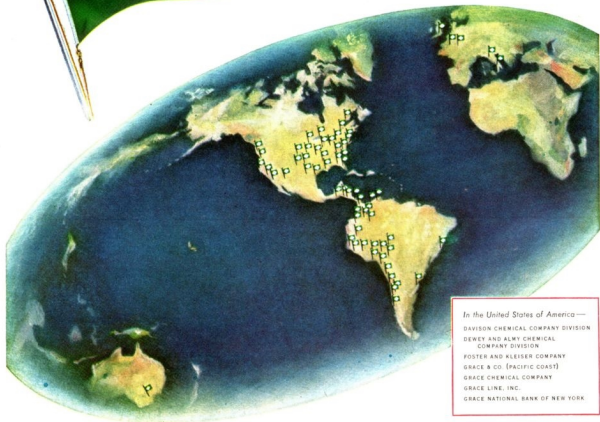
What started the ape men walking on their hind legs? Dr. Britton installed a female chimp named Bonga on a small island in a lake at Charlottesville, Va. Bonga could not swim and therefore had to make the best of it, even though the Virginia winter soon brought snow. When there was snow on the ground, Bonga walked upright, apparently to keep her hands and belly from getting cold and wet.

This, thinks Dr. Britton, may be how it all started. When glaciers crept down a million years ago, chilling the climate, the ape men walked upright to keep their hands out of the snow. Their brains got more blood and grew bigger. Then the ape men, according to the Britton theory, started the long intellectual climb that turned them into men.

TIME, APRIL 25, 1955



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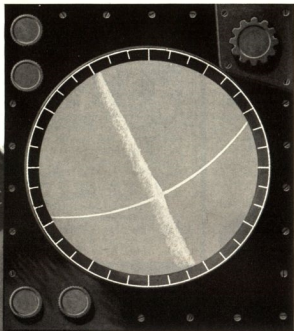
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Radar, sonobuoys, and MAD gear are used to hunt the sub. The kill is made with rockets, depth charges, or a homing torpedo. All this equipment required a two plane hunter-killer team until Grumman packaged it into a single aircraft. At the end of recent Atlantic Fleet maneuvers, the S2F Hunter-Killer Group Four received a commendation for doing a tough job well "for 30 days in weather ranging from hot to freezing and good to terrible."

Tonight, Grumman S2F sub-killers patrol from Navy carriers. They search the sea not only to guard shipping, but you. Cities, along with ships, are now the prey of subs able to launch missiles with atomic warheads. Another example of Grumman planes *ready in quantity when needed.*



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THE PRESS

One-Party Press?

At the \$100-a-plate Democratic dinner in Washington (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), Harry Truman staked out his favorite whipping boy, "the one-party press." "There has been no parallel in our history," said Truman, "to the cloak of protection thrown about this Administration by so much of the press. . . . Never in the peacetime history of this nation has there been such a vast volume of persistent publicity to praise and extol an Administration." This week, on the day after the speech, the New York Times's Washington Bureau Chief James B. Reston angrily set Harry Truman straight:

"Mr. Truman should have a talk with John Foster Dulles some time, if he can disentangle that gentleman from Mr. Corsi or get him out from under those Yalta papers. Or he should talk to Secretary of Defense Wilson. For while the editorial pages have been, as usual, partial to the Republican Administration, and some criticisms leveled at the Cabinet might very well have been aimed at the President, the surprising thing about the last two years in Washington is that the Washington reporters . . . have consistently been ahead of the Democratic leaders and politicians in digging out the facts and criticizing the contradictions and mistakes of this Administration.

"Seldom in contemporary history has an opposition party been so slow or so ineffective in its criticism of major policies as the Democrats in the last two years. They have been very much to the fore in criticizing the Dixon-Yates power contract, the President's association with Bobby Jones, the Administration's farm program, the trapping of squirrels on the White House lawn and Mr. Eisenhower's churchgoing, but on the big issues [of] civil liberties and peace and war, their tardiness and timidity have been remarkable.

"It has been the press and not the leaders of the Democratic Party who have drawn the attention of the country to the sloganeering of the Administration in the field of foreign policy: to the President's 'unleashing' of Chiang Kai-shek, to Mr. Dulles' policies of 'massive retaliation,' 'liberation,' 'positive loyalty,' 'agonizing reappraisal' and 'united action.' It was the press that was pointing to the effects of Senator McCarthy's tactics on the Administration's authority . . .

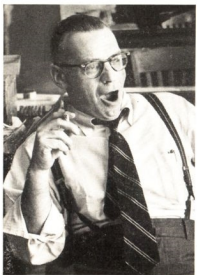
"Have Walter Lippmann, or Joseph Alsop, who write for a syndicate owned by a Republican newspaper, commented on this Administration's foreign policy with 'tender solicitude'? Has the New York Times or the New York Herald Tribune or the Washington Post and Times Herald, all of whom supported the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1952, shown any 'devotion' to this Administration's program on the big questions of 'loyalty' at home or war in the Formosa Strait?

"If the country has what the Democrats call a one-party press, the Republi-



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"I know whiskey is no help in getting rid of a cold . . . but then neither is the medical profession."



Bill Young

CARTOONIST LICHTY



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"Our job is to help you compute your tax, Mr. Snodgrass! . . . Where your next meal is coming from is none of our business . . ."

cans have been cheated, for they have not even been able to count on the unflinching support of David Lawrence, and in Westbrook Pegler's book Eisenhower has almost (but not quite) replaced Roosevelt as the leading villain."

Fair Comment

In Baltimore, District Judge Roszel C. Thomsen ruled that when the Washington *Times Herald* quoted from defeated congressional candidate Mark Hammett's political pamphlet the passage reading, "My general erudition, social punctilio and physical pulchritude are of the highest order," the paper did not libel Hammett in commenting: "Anybody want to go with him steady?"

Grin & Draw It

George Maurice Lichtenstein, 40, is a newspaper cartoonist who earns \$50,000 a year by illustrating an American homily of good-humored resignation: "Grin and Bear It." In his satirical, topical "Grin and Bear It" cartoon, which runs in more than 270 U.S. dailies, cartoonist "Lichty" has created such harried, irascible characters as potbellied, spindle-legged Bascomb Belchmore, Senator Snort, Mr. Snodgrass, and a diabolical moppet named Otis. They are inevitably trapped in ridiculous situations of their own making. In one cartoon Senator Snort, dressed in flowered waistcoat and bat-winged collar, tells a group of reporters: "I welcome any inquiry into my program for a foreign policy, gentlemen . . . I have often wondered what it is myself."

Last week Cartoonist Lichty was forced to grin and bear a real-life situation as ludicrous as any he has ever drawn. At his desk alongside the city room of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Lichty got the surprising news that "Grin and Bear It" was being shifted from the *Chronicle* (circ. 166,437) to Hearst's competing *Call-Bulletin* (circ. 136,572). But the *Chicago Sun-Times* syndicate, which owns "Grin and Bear It" and dictated the move, reckoned without Cartoonist Lichty.

On the News. The cartoon, said Lichty, might be moved, but no one could move the cartoonist. With the enthusiastic approval of the *Chronicle's* editors, Lichty announced that he will stay on at his *Chronicle* desk even though he will be working for an opposition paper.

Lichty wants to stay near the newsroom he knows because he likes to keep his lampoonery of everyday situations tied firmly to the news. Reported the assistant to a corporation president in one recent Lichty cartoon: "A guaranteed annual wage, a guaranteed annual bonus, a guaranteed pension plan is fine with the employees, chief. Except they would like a guarantee you won't go broke." Lichty's one-panel situations take place everywhere, from the home (*wife to husband*: "I cook, wash dishes, keep house day after day and what do you do? Once a week you swagger in with a paycheck") to the college (*president to professor*: "Nonsense, Professor, you don't need a raise . . . You're too absent-minded to

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Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog!
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Features of Mercury motors are protected by issued or pending patents.

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WHAT KIND OF INDUSTRY SHOULD MOVE IN? Kurtz M. Hanson, president of Champion-International Co. of Lawrence, Mass. has some good advice. "When you study the host of industries moving here, you find they all have two common factors. First, they're quality manufacturers and need exceptionally skilled people, just as Champion-International needs and finds so plentiful in the Merrimack Valley. Second, these newcomers are 'romance' industries — plastics, electronics, paper, metal-working—and to survive in their ever-changing fields, they must have easy access to the best research available. And no region can match New England's research brains and facilities or the skill of our people!"



THE EFFECT OF YOUNGSTERS ON BUSINESS STABILITY. Happy children make happy parents. And one reason for the stability of New England's workers is simply that the region has more of what parents want for their children. Over 460 hospitals, 15,000 doctors, 123 higher-learning institutions, 3,500 miles of seacoast and a forest that covers 77% of the region! Located in the heart of this area that lets you work where you play is the Northeast's largest electric system, New England Electric. Shown above, the System's giant Comerford Station on the upper Connecticut River.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING. Our confidential services in location surveys are yours for the asking. Write Industrial Development Department, Room T, New England Electric System, 441 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.



New England's Largest

New England's largest electric system — serving 2,300,000 people in 232 New England communities — and over 3800 industrial and manufacturing firms.

drive a car, too intelligent to want television, and too preoccupied to hear your wife complain").

From Little Acorns. Chicago-born Cartoonist Lichty has been making a living at a drawing board ever since he graduated from the University of Michigan ('29), after editing the college humor magazine. The Chicago *Times* hired him, and in 1932 he drew his first "Grin and Bear It." The cartoon struck such a cheering note during the Depression that it was soon syndicated. Lichty stayed in Chicago until 1948, when he decided that San Francisco was the place he wanted to live.

Lichty gets material for his cartoons by reading everything from the *Congressional Record* to old copies of Russian information bulletins. Although he goes to the office on a regular daily schedule, he rarely does any of the cartoons required of him every ten days until deadline day. His sharp eye for stuffiness spares no one — least of all himself. Says Cartoonist Lichty of his success: "From little acorns mighty oafs grow."

Paper for Sale

The 114-year-old Brooklyn *Eagle* has been for sale ever since *Eagle* Publisher Frank D. Schroth closed it down after a 47-day strike of the Newspaper Guild. But no buyers have appeared. One reason they have been scared off is some \$750,000 in severance credit, vacation pay, etc., that the union claims the paper owes its 315 striking members, an obligation a buyer might have to take on. Furthermore, a new publisher would face the same labor problems that Publisher Schroth faced (*TIME*, Feb. 28). The Guild has shown no signs of compromising its original demands, is still picketing the *Eagle* building. Last week Schroth set a deadline in his efforts to save Brooklyn's only daily. If the paper cannot be sold as a unit to a responsible publisher by May 2, he announced, its mechanical equipment, subscription lists and furnishings will be sold piecemeal at auction.

Open Sunlight

In the middle of a Cleveland vice trial, the lawyer for three defendants accused of pandering asked the judge to put newsmen and spectators out of the courtroom to ensure privacy. Said Cleveland Common Pleas Judge Parker Fulton: "We don't want to get into the fix they did in the Jelke case. In that case, the judge on his own motion sent spectators out. I wouldn't do that." Instead of ordering newsmen out, Judge Fulton asked the defendants first to formally waive their constitutional right to a public trial. Only then did the judge order press and spectators out of the court. But the Cleveland Plain Dealer and News and Scripps-Howard Press appealed the ban anyway. Last week an Ohio Court of Appeals ruled that the press had a right in the courtroom. Said the Court of Appeals: "A defendant has no right . . . to a private trial . . . Crime and corruption grow and thrive in darkness and secrecy. Justice thrives in the open sunlight of the day."



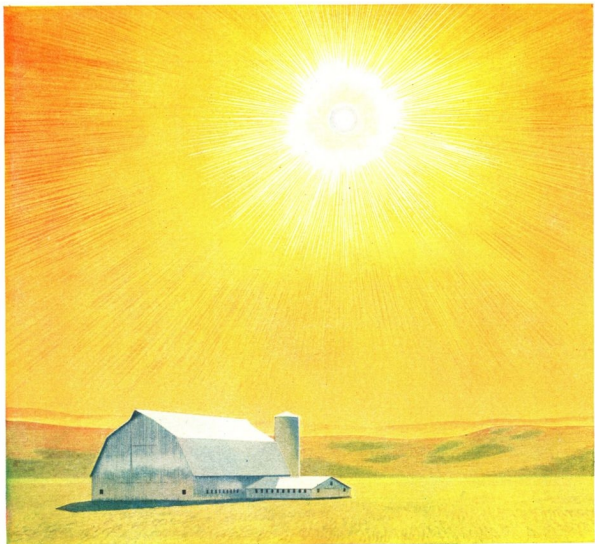
Born 1820...still going strong



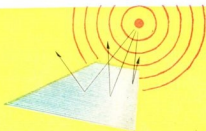
Red Label—Black Label—both 86.8 proof.

MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker is the toast of people of good taste. At their clubs, in their homes, he's always present. Join Johnnie Walker's wide circle of friends. You'll enjoy a Scotch of natural lightness and truly superb flavour. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.

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IN SUMMER, the high reflectivity of Kaiser Aluminum causes hot sun rays to "bounce off" . . . thus permanently keeps interiors as much as 15° cooler.



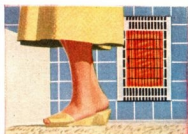
IN WINTER, the high reflectivity of Kaiser Aluminum helps to keep heat from escaping by reflecting it inwards . . . increases comfort, helps cut fuel bills.



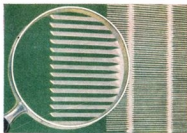
Foil the weather! Walls insulated with Kaiser Aluminum foil reflect heat back into rooms, and similarly keep it out during summer. Low in cost, easy to install.



Slack for chicks! In chick brooders, Kaiser Aluminum's reflectivity protects chicks by providing balanced heat distribution. Light weight makes units easy to move.



Warm up—fast! Aluminum reflectors in modern heaters quickly reflect heat into rooms, distribute it evenly. You get more heat, more comfort—and lower fuel bills.



Keep rooms 15° cooler! Kaiser Aluminum Shade Screening has tiny louvers set at an angle, blocking sun rays. Reduces glare. Protects furnishings from sun fading.



It's cool inside! Kaiser Aluminum's reflectivity keeps truck interiors pleasantly cool. Assures greater driver comfort, greater protection for perishable cargoes.



Regulate your temperature! Shingle roofing made with reflective Kaiser Aluminum provides winter warmth, summer coolness. Never needs paint, can't rust or rot.



Calling all cooks! Used for broiler pans, Kaiser Aluminum reflects heat and spreads it evenly for faster cooking. Line broiler pan with Kaiser Foil to eliminate scouring.



Tops for oil—Reflectivity of Kaiser Aluminum makes it ideal for tops of oil storage tanks because it cuts heat evaporation. Resists corrosive brine, sulphide content.



Hold that heat! Vacuum jugs, made with Kaiser Aluminum, hold heat longer. And aluminum's strength and corrosion resistance makes them last.

think of **Kaiser Aluminum**

CLIMB up on a ladder some hot, sunny day and hold your hands over an aluminum roof.

You'll find that heat bounces off the aluminum the way a rubber ball bounces off a brick wall.

That's because aluminum *reflects heat* as almost no other metal does. And look at these other advantages of aluminum. It's light and strong. It resists rust and corrosion. It's workable and economical.

This *versatility* of aluminum is the big reason why it has taken the place of other materials in thousands of useful products—making these products better—and cheaper.

In recent years, more and more manufacturers have come to think of Kaiser Aluminum for an abundant source of supply and for dependable customer service.

Kaiser Aluminum has led the industry in bringing more

aluminum to American manufacturers. In the past three years, we have more than doubled our production capacity and we now have the capacity to produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this country.

While increasing the supply, we have also increased the diversity of our mill products to provide manufacturers with aluminum in all its many forms.

We are continuing to expand. For we believe that aluminum is only on the threshold of its greatest growth. We are confident that the future opportunities for aluminum are almost as broad as the imagination.

We are dedicated to the job of working with manufacturers to help realize this brighter future through aluminum. Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, 542 Kaiser Building, Oakland 12, California.

A pace to stop a clock!

(thanks to Memory Dials)



Girl genius? Not at all. And she doesn't have a soft job.

What she *does* have, however, is a *Burroughs Calculator with Memory Dials*—the machine that makes *any* girl a fast operator! (As for the clocks, they just *seem* to stop—she does so much work in so little time.)

Actually, this calculator is faster by far—all-electric, with a simplified, instant-action keyboard. You touch a key and get an answer . . . instantly! Every key is powered and every key stroke counts.

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So if the clocks in your office are too fast for the girls, call our branch office. Or write to Burroughs Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

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Burroughs Calculator
with
Memory Dials



SPORT

The Michigan Wildcat

Even at 61, the broken-nosed, greying little battler was more than a match for most men. It took two husky hospital attendants to handle him when they decided to get him under control. He got a chestful of broken ribs during the mauling, but he recovered quickly enough. He was used to beatings.

It was a long series of beatings that had put Adolph ("Ad") Wolgast into the psychopathic ward of California's Stockton State Hospital in the first place. For eleven years the "Michigan Wildcat" had held his own in the savage battles of the pre-World War I prize ring. He had

the 40th round Eddie stopped the fight. Nelson was a helpless hulk, his face a mess of bleeding flesh. But the winner had taken more of a licking than anyone realized.

In two short years Ad Wolgast fought 21 times, finally lost his title to Willie Ritchie in another vicious slugfest. From then on he was lost in a punch-drunk dream of a comeback. He continued to train, and he continued to fight. He frittered away the fortune that he had won with his fists. In 1917 a Milwaukee court declared him legally incompetent.

For a few years Wolgast had his freedom as a ward of Los Angeles Fight Promoter Jack Doyle. He had the run of Doyle's gym, worked out regularly, and still thought of himself as the champ. Such admiring oldtimers as Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey and Tommy Ryan dropped by to assure him that he still had his knockout punch. He demanded all the prerogatives of a titleholder, and was likely to swing on the first man who did not recognize his rank (but Doyle had issued orders that no one was ever to lay a hand on Ad). Even after he was committed to an asylum in 1927, Ad kept right on training, weaving, ducking and swishing uppercuts as he shadowboxed with the phantoms from his past.

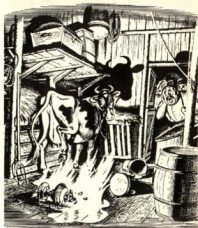
Once in a while, he came out of the fog. "Say, what is this place?" he would ask. "When do I get out of here?" In the last few years he went blind. The questions came less frequently, and the battered brain gave up groping toward the present. Last week, not long after Ad Wolgast's 67th birthday, his heart finally stopped fighting.

Coexistence on the Turf

Warm in the April sunshine, London's upper-crust horseplayers crowded the club enclosure at Kempton Park Race Track. Peeresses in Dior tweeds appraised each other when they were done appraising the ponies. Their husbands, in Saville Row suits, lifted black bowlers when they passed near their Queen. But there was one extraordinary note in the picture, more jarring than a peer in jeans: the ladies and gentlemen were all clutching the *Daily Worker*.

Deprived by the newspaper strike (TIME, April 18) of *Sporting Life* and all the London dailies, British racing fans were taking their tips from the columns of London's Communist daily (circ. 83,376). The paper was so in demand that on the black market it fetched 1 shilling (six times the regular price). Even Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England and a steward of the Jockey Club, bought a copy. (He held it as if it were a week-old fish.)

Workers' Weakness. Strike or no, the race-track elite could have done worse. Alf Rubin, 38, the *Worker's* wide-eyed little cockney handicapper, who prints his picks under the name of "Cayton," is the



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COW KICKED OFF THE
CHICAGO FIRE IN 1871, WE
HAD BEEN MAKING THIS
BOURBON FOR 35 YEARS

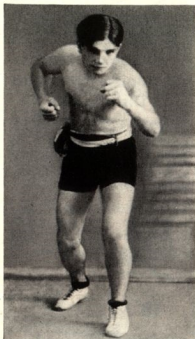
YELLOWSTONE

Since 1836 our method of hand making this fine bourbon has remained unchanged for it produces a flavor and aroma unmatched by any other. Never mass-produced, it is still rare in some places. Ask for YELLOWSTONE, the only Kentucky Bourbon labeled "THE GREATEST AMERICAN WHISKEY".

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AD WOLGAST (CIRCA 1910)
The dream went on.

slugged and butted and cuffed his way to the lightweight championship of the world, and he had his brains unhinged in the process.

A small-town scrapper from Cadillac, Mich., Ad Wolgast took the title from Battling Nelson in 1910. Their 40-round brawl at Point Richmond, just across the bay from San Francisco, was one of the bloodiest in the history of boxing. Promoter Billy McCarney had stirred up a fine feud between the fighters, and when Referee Eddie Smith called them to the center of the ring to explain the rules, Nelson cut him short: "Let everything go. No fouls." That was all right with Ad.

It was a fight to the finish. In the 23rd round Nelson, the "Durable Dane," dropped the challenger with a liver punch. Somehow, Ad got up and fought on. In



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● Production records covering a 3-month period in one plant revealed that one comparatively small, inexpensive Yoder Slitting Line, (No. 2½, 24" wide) had been successfully used on a wide diversity of jobs.

Coil weights ranged from 4082 lbs. all the way down to 80 lbs.; production from 11,135 lbs. down to 629 lbs. per hour, varying with coil size, number of cuts made to the width, and gauge of strip. The 4th edition of the YODER SLITTER BOOK, just off the press, gives more complete data on each of these jobs, and in addition discusses many subjects bearing on the mechanics and economics of slitter operation, in plants using anywhere from 50 tons per month up to a thousand or more. A copy is yours for the asking. Also estimates and recommendations, without cost or obligation on your part.

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SLITTERS**



best in the business. Last year, a \$2 bet on every one of his choices would have brought a profit of better than \$160—a remarkable performance.

Alf and his paper make a strange combination. Politics, to him, is a vast irrelevance; horse racing, to the *Worker*, is a questionable capitalist diversion. But back in 1935, the paper needed to boost circulation, and the *Worker* decided to cater to a weakness of the workers. The editors looked around for a horse handicapper, and there was Alf. Then unemployed, he had been picking winners ever since he was nine (when he selected Coronach, 11 to 2, in the 1926 Derby). He was no Communist, he told the *Worker* people; he didn't even vote. Still, the end seemed to justify the means.

Proper Fun. Alf never finds time to go to the track. ("I'm too busy working out the form and collecting information around town.") But he admits he has done pretty well. Says he: "Nothing else interests me. Stick with me, bet within your means, and you'll have fun."

One afternoon last week, Alf gave the clubhouse punters three successive winners: Elladora, a 6-to-1 shot; Grand Statute, a 10-to-1 surprise; and Running Water, a 3-to-1 stake racer that survived a tough stretch battle and a foul claim to take the purse, A £1 (\$2.80) parlay on the three paid \$862.40.

It was almost too much for one conservative gentleman. "From now on," said he, as he tried to revive himself in the bar, "I'm in favor of coexistence."

Scoreboard

♣ Carl ("Bobo") Olson (160 lbs.), middleweight champion of the world, bounded the former Light-Heavyweight Champion Joey Maxim (175 lbs.) off the canvas of San Francisco's Cow Palace and earned a unanimous decision. Long a competent boxer, Bobo likes to think that he has the heft and punch to rate a crack at Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano (187 lbs.), may well have proved his point.

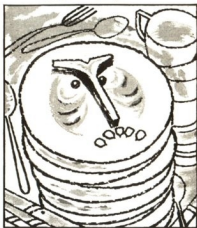
♣ Less than a month after they whipped the Montreal Canadiens for the National Hockey League championship, Detroit's Red Wings took on Les Canadiens again for the Stanley Cup. Without their suspended star, "Rocket" Richard (TIME, March 28), Les Canadiens managed to push the series to the seven-game limit, but the red-hot Red Wings skated off with the cup and the world championship.

♣ While Bowie's horse players broiled under the Baltimore sun, stewards studied movies of the Governor's Gold Cup race, decided that Boston Doge had committed no foul, gave the unkempt little sprinter his tenth straight victory.

♣ Even Coach "Rusty" Callow figures that Navy's long-unbeaten crew (three years, 30 races and the 1952 Olympic championship) is stroking toward disaster. But the Middies, who have lost six veterans from their varsity eight, postponed the inevitable, outrowed Princeton by 2½ lengths on Lake Carnegie.

♢ Even though it is still popular in Russia.

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News and Selling go hand in hand. That's why TIME, THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE is such a vital selling force in today's news-conscious sales-minded market.

Why do new diets allow for between-meal snacks?

The mid-morning or afternoon energy-refreshing soft drink or nibble can actually be a real aid in reducing

It helps to keep hunger down because it raises your blood sugar level

That makes it easier to keep from overeating at the next mealtime—you are satisfied on single, smaller portions.



New scientific studies show why a realistic use of foods and beverages containing sugar can help you diet with less hunger, less fatigue—keeps diets from being boring

Whether you want to slim down or stay slim you'll be glad to know that science has given its OK to foods and beverages that contain sugar.

One of the reasons is that sugar has fewer calories than most people think—only 18 calories to a level teaspoonful. And even a slim young model needs at least 2,000 calories a day to keep the weight she wants.

Another reason, based on latest nutritional research findings, is even more important.

When you include sugar (or foods and beverages that contain sugar) in a well-planned diet, you actually take advantage of the healthy body's system of appetite control.

Part of the foods you eat must be turned into sugar before they can be used as energy. As you use up energy the blood sugar level drops. When it falls below a certain point the brain centers which regulate appetite are activated. You get hungry.

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Since it raises your blood sugar level faster than any other food, a little sugar can be a big help in holding down your appetite—and your waistline.

Helps Prevent Overeating

That's why a nibble of something sweet between meals, such as a beverage or a food containing sugar, is often included in the newer reducing diets. It not only helps to keep your appetite within bounds at the next meal... it also helps to keep your vitality up. On the other hand, substitution of artificial non-caloric sweeteners for sugar in foods and beverages can do neither of these things. Since they have no effect on the blood sugar level, use of these substitutes can actually make dieting more difficult.

Variety Important

Health authorities now say that a good reducing diet should make as few changes as possible from sound, normal eating habits. One based on your own individual food preferences (but with smaller portions all around and no second helpings) is naturally the

easiest diet for you to get used to and stick to.

And aren't you glad to know that sugar can help you stick to your diet?

18 CALORIES

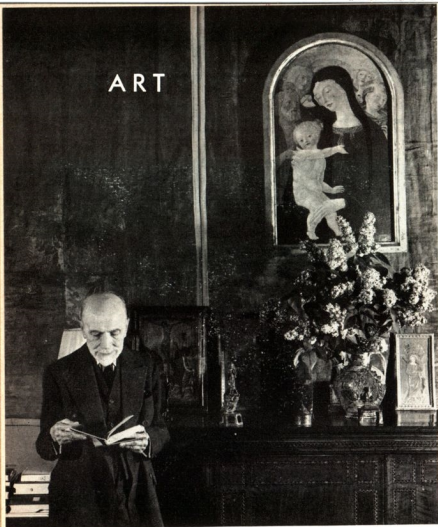
Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? People we asked (including some on diets) guessed from 50 to 600. You'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar every 7½ minutes!



All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

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ART



← IN STUDY of Tuscan home, Berenson leafs through art book beneath Neroccio's 15th century Madonna.

THE PURSUIT OF "IT"

It was a morning in early summer. A silver haze shimmered and trembled over the lime trees. The air was laden with their fragrance. The temperature was like a caress. I remember . . . that I climbed up a tree stump and felt suddenly immersed in Itness. I did not call it by that name. I had no need for words. It and I were one.

CRITIC Bernard Berenson, now a vigorous, sharp-tongued 89, has been pursuing what he calls "it" ever since that early boyhood experience. The chase has led inward more often than outward, and resulted in a brilliant, harmonious and fruitful life. The "it" of Berenson's dreams has nothing to do with the kind Clara Bow popularized; it stands for self-immolation in a world of beauty. Many people experience "it" only on rare occasions—when carried away by music, a great painting, or a declaration of love—and accept it as an undeserved gift. Berenson strives for it every day, and finds it often.

Berenson's achievements both reflect and enhance his personality. Not the least

of them is his villa, nestled in the Tuscan hills near Florence. Berenson moved into the place at the turn of the century, remodeled it into a connoisseur's ideal. Over a 20-year period he bought paintings and sculptures to adorn his villa, built up one of the finest collections in private hands (see color pages).

Tastes & Aspirations. "My house, I trust, does express my needs, my tastes and aspirations," Berenson once wrote. "It is a library with living-rooms attached. These are both spacious and comfortable yet with a touch of old Italian severity that might depress the happy victims of our interior decorators." The collection softens and warms the austere elegance of the house as Berenson intended; each art work was bought purely for the villa. "Indeed," says Berenson, "I have always disclaimed being a collector. Such a one loves to compete, to get the better of the seller, to gloat over the object as a scalp or trophy . . ."

The prize of Berenson's trophies is Sassetti's *Glorification of St. Francis* (overleaf), which he found in a Florentine junk shop. "I saw it in a basement," he recalls,

"where I went looking for kitchen chairs, and I asked them to put it in my carriage. They were going to cut it up the next day; it was good wood for painting little copies of Fra Angelico angels." Berenson got the Sassetti for less than \$500. Its present value? "Five hundred thousand dollars wouldn't buy it now."

Another Berenson favorite is Bonsignori's *Apollo and Daphne*, which he calls "very typical of poetic thought. Apollo thinks he is catching Daphne, but what he catches is the laurel tree." He bought Giotto's *Friar* from a pushcart dealer, considers it "very impressive Giotto—earnest, intellectual and God-fearing." Boccatis' *Madonna*, he says, "has a certain candor of feeling and beauty of composition and a wonderful sky lighting up a romantic landscape. The little angels are offering rose petals to the Madonna as they do now all over Italy on Corpus Christi Day."

Burning & Scratching. In serene and honored old age, Berenson seems very far from being a competitive sort, but he fought his way up. His parents were Jewish emigrants from Lithuania to Boston. Young Berenson burned to be a writer, attended Boston Latin School, and started to work his way through Boston University. Then he caught the eye of a dashing socialite named Isabella Stewart Gardner, who helped send him first to Harvard and then to Europe. "Mrs. Jack" was starting to collect paintings for what later became Boston's Gardner Museum, and she rightly guessed that Berenson could learn to advise her well.

Soon, in the warm air and sculptured hills of Tuscany, Berenson began to find "it" with increasing frequency. Immersed in the works of the great Italian painters, he scratched up a living by taking tourists through the museums and churches of Florence at 1 lira a head. He recalls a terror of being knifed by the local guides, but that did not stop him from feeling ecstasy before the masterpieces of the Renaissance. In 1894 he published the first of his four famed guides to Renaissance art (later reissued as *Italian Painters of the Renaissance*), whose steady sale soon made him prosperous. Six years later he moved into his villa and settled down to the serious business of his life: connoisseurship.

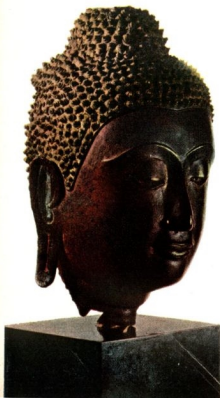
Berenson's mind overlapped the customary barriers of 19th-century art criticism. He was not content merely to record, or appraise, or even interpret. Instead, he analyzed what he saw, and thus helped raise art scholarship to a new plane of exactitude. Berenson confirmed, by close study, that every artist's picturemaking is as personal as his handwriting. Even if the painter works in a strict tradition, his personal touch will appear in small things: the way he paints ear lobes, or hair, or crosshatches a shadow. By familiarizing himself with Italian Renaissance art down



VILLA NEAR FLORENCE has been Berenson's home for 55 years, houses his paintings, sculptures and comprehensive art library.

CRITIC'S COLLECTION

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID LEES



SIAMESE BRONZE HEAD dates from 16th century, was given to Berenson by British admirer, Sir Robert Greg.



EGYPTIAN CAT, made between 700 and 600 B.C., sits sleek and watchful in Berenson's front hall.



ROBED FRIAR may be only surviving fragment of altarpiece done by Giotto for Church of Santa Croce.

SMALL PANELS, from early 13th century, show martyred Saints Catherine and Vincent.



APOLLO & DAPHNE, by Pontormo, tells story of Daphne's flight and safe transformation into tree with comic-strip simplicity.



MADONNA & CHILD WITH ANGELS is minor masterpiece of
15th century by Boccatius da Camerino, a follower of Florentine school.



SIENESE ST. THOMAS.
from about 1300, hangs in
villa's formal dining room.



FLORENTINE VIRGIN.
only a few inches high, rests
on table by Berenson's bed.



GLORIFICATION OF ST. FRANCIS.
by Sieneze Master Sassetta, was found
in junk shop by Berenson around 1900.

to such details, Berenson became the reigning expert on the subject. His overriding idea—that art must be experienced to be appreciated, that the viewer should try to lose himself in the beauty of the picture—has liberated many of his readers from the cold bonds of snobbism and artificial art-loving.

Self & Non-Self. Today Berenson's nickname, "B.B.," is as familiar to the art world as B.B.D. & O. is to admen. His villa has become a must for American tourists in Italy. Lucky visitors are entertained at tea, where the conversation ranges from English through French, German and Italian to classical Greek, and from Giorgione to gardening or the low state of modern art.*

His parties begin and end right on time, for Berenson plans his days precisely. From the moment he straps on his wrist-watch (prewarmed by his butler to body temperature) to the time he stretches out for the night "with just the right pillows to support head and neck and shoulders, and the crisp cool sheets," he moves in a world of carefully controlled enjoyment. Pain and trouble are avoided whenever possible, as if there were something sinful about them. He keeps looking out for the moments of immersion in beauty which are "it," the purpose of his life.

"I wonder," he wrote recently, "whether art has a higher function than to make us feel, appreciate and enjoy natural objects for their art value? So, as I walk in the garden, I look at the flowers and shrubs and trees and discover in them an exquisiteness of contour, a vitality of edge or a vigor of spring as well as an infinite variety of color that no artifact I have seen in the last sixty years can rival . . . Each day, as I look, I wonder where my eyes were yesterday."

Then, in a different mood, he confesses: "Now I am in the decline of my eighth decade and live so much more in the people, the books, the works of art, the landscape than in my own skin, that of self . . . little is left over. A complete life may be one ending in so full an identification with the not-self that there is no self left to die."

Uncle Pablo

An undiscovered collection of Picasso paintings is big news in the art world. Last year a solid tip that such a collection did exist was given to pretty, U.S.-born Rosamond Bernier, onetime Paris *Vogue* staffer and now co-editor (with her French husband) of a new, ambitious art review, *L'Oeil* (circ. 30,000). Address of the collection: 48 Paseo de Gracia, Barcelona. The owner: Picasso's younger sister, Maria Dolores de Vilato. Editor Bernier, who eight years ago charmed Picasso into letting her get the first pictures of his

Antibes paintings, headed straight for Barcelona. The pictures of the early Picassos and the family apartment, published last week in *L'Oeil*, add up to some unexpectedly offbeat and unknown Picasso art, plus a fascinating introduction to the bohemian Barcelona branch of the Picasso family.

"Come at 11," Telephoning for an appointment at the Barcelona apartment, Editor Bernier got a surprising answer: "Come at 11 tonight." Once inside, she found herself plunged into the world of a gypsy encampment. "The lights burn out all the time here," Picasso's niece Lolita explained. Added Nephew Juanin: "And the fuses always blow up."

In the semidarkness, Rosamond Bernier saw a room cluttered with ancient furniture, presided over by Picasso's smiling sister, Doña Lola, wrapped in a sheet held together with safety pins, and flanked by



Inge Morath—Magnum

Doña LOLA
Like a bullfighter's mother.

two more Picasso nephews, both doctors. "Mama suffers from rheumatism and can't sleep. None of us goes to bed before 6," the family explained, then plunged into the evening's entertainment. Doctor Pablin began plucking out a lively flamenco on his guitar. Lolita sat down at the piano. In no time Juanin began a heel-stomping dance; Doctor Jaime handed around glasses of sweet Malaga wine while keeping time with a multicolored duster (a present from Uncle Pablo); Doña Lola swayed happily to the rhythm, urging the dancers on with shouts of "Ole!" To show off the Picasso pictures, the family cheerfully struck matches to give Editor Bernier a first tantalizing peek.

Back next day at 6 p.m. for a daylight look (the family sleeps all morning, siestas in the afternoon), Rosamond Bernier found a treasure trove of Picassos, most of them stacked dustily against the medical cabinets used by Dr. Pablin to keep plaster casts of his patients' deformed



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* Berenson went out of his way to praise Cézanne as early as 1897, but sees small merit in the more recent "moderns." His explanation of the decline: the fiercely competitive and undisciplined art market. It takes as long to learn to draw skillfully, Berenson believes, as to become a doctor, and "how many youngsters today are willing to spend that long preparing themselves?"



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feet. Cherished but neglected, one Picasso canvas had a hole punched in it. In all, there were some 20 oils and sketches done by young Pablo at the age of 13 or 14—sure-stroked, somber portraits of Picasso's family, of Doña Lola dressed in a borrowed Communion dress, of Picasso's father, a painstaking, academic artist who specialized in paintings of birds.

"That's Spain." But what especially caught Rosamond Bernier's eye was the collection of nine oils painted by Picasso during a 1917 visit to Barcelona. It was an event the family is not likely to forget. Uncle Pablo rode into town with the Diaghilev Ballet Russe, promptly abducted Ballet Dancer Olga Koklova (whom he later married), set up house in Barcelona's Hotel Rancini. In a holiday mood, Picasso began turning out canvases in a bewildering variety of styles: a balcony view of Barcelona's Christopher Columbus column; a painting of a Spanish dancer lush enough to hang in a bullfighter's dressing room. Well into his cubist period at the time, Picasso substituted for the low-keyed palette of his Paris paintings a whole new range of colors—pink, mauve, almond green, vivid reds and blacks.

Back in Paris, Rosamond Bernier hurried round to Picasso's cluttered studio, presented him with an armful of presents sent to Uncle Pablo by Doña Lola and her children. With chuckles of delight, the 73-year-old Picasso untied an old shoe box and pulled out a bright red earthenware piggy bank, unwrapped a jar of fruit paste, an envelope of Jordan almonds from the butcher shop ("That's Spain. One buys bonbons at the butcher's," commented Picasso), a tissue paper filled with cotton seeds ("Just what we need here!"). Picasso glanced eagerly at the family photographs, turned the occasion into an old home week with his comments: Nephew Jaime—"He looks just like the Count of Paris"; Doña Lola—"She resembles a bullfighter's mother or a Roman empress"; their apartment—"Why, they live better than I do!"

"Good! Good!" Glancing at L'Œil's pictures of his old works, Picasso searched in vain for the name of his Spanish model, explaining: "We called her 'La saucisse' [the sausage]." Then, spotting a rare 1904 engraving, *Le Repas Frugal*, he said: "I didn't know they had this. It's worth a fortune." But what held Picasso's attention longest was a plaster Madonna from his boyhood home. Exclaimed Picasso: "We had this statue in Malaga. Actually, it's a statue of Venus which father bought in the flea market. He painted on the tears, draped the figure in plaster-soaked cloth. Now my niece has made a crown of flowers. Good! Good! She continues the tradition."

© A situation Picasso will soon change. Two weeks ago he handed back his gingerbread Riviera house in Vallauris to his former wife, Françoise Gilot, and for 12 million francs bought a sunny, 13-room villa, *La Californie*, overlooking Cannes, six miles from Communist Leader Maurice Thorez. Said Soviet-Admired Picasso proudly: "For the first time in my life I will be a houseowner."

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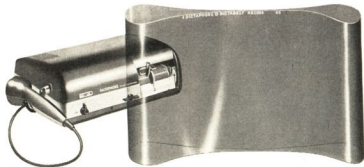
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THE THEATER

Critics' Choice

Putting aside their slings and arrows, the New York Drama Critics' Circle last week named their annual choices of the season's best:

Best American Play: Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, which nosed out William Inge's *Bus Stop* by one vote.

Best Musical: Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Saint of Beecher Street*.

Best Foreign Play: Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution*.

New Play in Manhattan

Champagne Complex (by Leslie Stevens) concerns a young girl (Polly Bergen) who, after becoming engaged to a prim young tycoon (John Dall), constantly gets high on champagne and then begins peeling off her clothes. Her worried



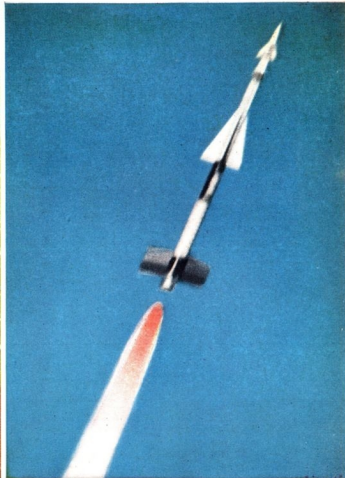
Roderick MacArthur
POLLY BERGEN & DONALD COOK
A Cupid for her psyche.

beau calls in his psychoanalyst bachelor uncle (Donald Cook). Treatments reveal that the girl wants the analyst himself as Cupid to her psyche. Since, in romantic comedies of the '50s, young girls may marry men in their 40s, all is well.

Champagne Complex is that very tough undertaking—a play with but three characters and one situation. Despite amusing lines, funny moments, and more champagne drinking than in any stage work since *The Merry Widow*, the show is only spottily festive. To prolong the journey from the psychoanalytic to the nuptial couch through three acts, the play has to detour, go in for vaudeville, toss dull cracks after bright ones, try to make the loud pedal sound like a new tune. The real honors go to Donald Cook. No one so deftly conveys well-bred distaste or alarm—looking as though he has just noticed a dead horse under the sideboard, or is about to hear a child of six recite,

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OF MILITARY HELICOPTERS

Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

The great importance of Air Power in national defense is well recognized today. It is so important that every citizen should know what progress has been made in rebuilding air strength, and what must be done to keep it once it has been achieved.

America's armed forces and her aviation industry are working together to produce aircraft that are second to none in performance, safety and quality. Among them are larger, more powerful helicopters, like those pictured on the opposite page.



CONTINUING RESEARCH is basic for air leadership. While time-consuming, it is here vital increases in airplane performance are sought and explored. Just as research led to supersonic fighters, it is boosting the abilities of transports and helicopters. For instance, the advantages of a light turbine engine are being tested in this new Army Sikorsky H-39, above, which now holds official helicopter records for speed, 156mph, and altitude, 24,500 feet.

Production of helicopters and military aircraft of all types is now over four times as great as it was when war started in Korea in June, 1950. Planned levels of air strength are being reached in a steady build-up toward fully modernized air services in 1957.

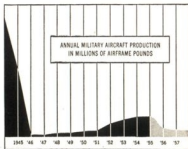
But aircraft production alone is not enough to sustain Air Power. Strength in future years also depends on continuous, year-in, year-out research and development work in all branches of aviation. In



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of an aircraft or an engine type helps keep it up-to-date in performance and efficiency. Sikorsky engineers, for example, have so perfected the S-55 helicopter's blade-like whirling wings that they now have a life-expectancy of 1800 hours, despite the grueling loads and forces they must withstand. By constant development work such as this the nation is given better and better aircraft, engines and equipment.

the face of constant threats and challenges from abroad, such advanced work—along with production—becomes more important than ever.

Today, America is beginning to benefit from just such long-range programs of research, development and production in military aviation. If carried forward without costly interruptions, these programs can provide the strongest modern Air Power, in the least possible time, and at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and aerial weapons, which are far more potent than World War II's best, is rebuilding Air Power from 1947's weak level to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Estimated future production, if uninterrupted and backed by adequate long-range research and development work, can provide up-to-date air strength over the years to come at minimum cost to taxpayers.

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Lively Museum

When Ballet Theater first bounced on the scene 15 years ago, it called itself "a museum of the dance." The label was meant to indicate that all styles, old and new, would be on exhibit. Over the years, the lively museum gave U.S. ballet a new turn: it kicked new life into the mummified remains of classical ballet (which it performed with loving care) and pioneered an electric, freshly dramatic modern style. Last week, to wind up its 15th anniversary celebration, Ballet Theater gathered its stars and most famous graduates, moved into Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House for a three-week run before touring New England, Mexico and South America.

Along with some traditional specimens (*Giselle*, *Swan Lake*), the repertoire included such milestones in U.S. ballet evolution as Agnes de Mille's *Fall River Legend* (the Lizzie Borden case), Jerome Robbins' *Fancy Free* (three sailors on shore leave), Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid* (life and death of the killer). Best of all, the museum's human exhibits proved far from musty. Standouts:

¶ Nora Kaye, 35, who returned to the company (after four years with the New York City Ballet) to revive the famed *Pillar of Fire*, in which she dances Hagar, the girl who is bitterly afraid of becoming an old maid. When the curtain parted to show Hagar sitting on her house steps, feet together, head and shoulders agonizingly tense, the audience burst into applause: Ballerina Kaye created the part in 1942, and nobody else has ever danced it. *Pillar of Fire* (set to Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*) established her as a unique dancing actress who brought new depth to ballet. Last week Ballerina Kaye danced the part with the same old tragic fervor.

¶ *Pillar's* British Choreographer Antony Tudor, 46, who was originally "curator" of the company's Modern English wing, was on hand last week to dance the part of Hagar's beloved.

¶ Lucia Chase, late-fortyish, Ballet Theater's longtime wealthy angel and firm guiding hand, was on her toes again in a ceremonial appearance as Hagar's spinsterish elder sister.

¶ Guest Ballerina Alicia Markova, 44, who has been a star ever since the days when a ballerina without a Russian name was no ballerina at all (she was born Alicia Marks, in London). A veteran of Sadler's Wells and of Ballet Theater itself, Ballerina Markova floated through such romantic favorites as *Les Sylphides* and *Romeo and Juliet* with an airy grace that has never lost its charm.

¶ Igor Youskevitch, 43, had the audience gasping, with his handsome bounds and dizzy spins in confections such as *pas de deux* from *Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake*. Russian-born Dancer Noble Youskevitch, who was an aspiring Olympic gymnast when he turned to ballet in 1932, is

MUSIC



BALLERINA MARKOVA IN "LES SYLPHIDES"
Grace in romance.

one of the world's greatest male classical dancers. Last week he also leaped into a dramatic role: Stanley Kowalski, in Valerie Bettis' version of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Dancer Youskevitch happily strutted his muscular way through the gloomy scenes, less expressive but considerably more agile than the dramatic version's Marlon Brando.

¶ Dancer-of-all-work John Kriza, 35, turned up in perhaps his most popular part, the cockiest sailor in *Fancy Free*, which had the audience giggling merrily, and as the lovelorn doll in *Petrouchka*, which had it misty-eyed.



BALLERINA KAYE IN "PILLAR OF FIRE"
Agony in depth.

New Records

Blacher: Orchestral Variations on a Theme of Paganini (RIAS Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay; Decca). The same theme (for solo violin) used by Brahms for his famed *Variations* gets some plain and fancy going-over by one of Germany's most successful living composers. Boris Blacher uses a big orchestra in opulent style, with emphasis on suave clarinet murmurings, massed brasses in swing-band style and ingratiating melodies. The disk is Vol. I of Decca's *New Directions in Music and Sound*.

Debussy: Pelléas and Mélisande (Jeanine Micheau, Camille Maurane; chorus and Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Jean Fournet; Epic, 3 LPs). Maurice Maeterlinck's dewy drama of innocent love and death made luminous by Debussy's timeless score. The performance is excellent, and the recording has a presence that lends impact to the vaporous score.

Prokofiev: Semyon Kotko Suite (Radio Berlin Symphony conducted by Rolf Kleinert; Urania). Eight orchestral selections from the 1939 Prokofiev opera. The plot deals with the 1918 Ukrainian uprising against the Germans, but it would be hard to guess it from the suite; despite moments of real strength, its character is mostly sweetness and light.

Ravel: L'Enfant et les Sortilèges (soloists, chorus and Suisse Romande Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet; London). Collette's enchanting ballet-opera about an enchanted child, which Ravel reluctantly finished in 1925 after years of procrastination. The child is throwing a tantrum when the magic begins; the arm-chair (bass), clock (baritone), teapot (tenor), fire (coloratura soprano) come to life to terrify him into better behavior. Despite its size, the orchestra twiddles and tweaks lightly, and the tunes are often as naive as *The King and I*. Performance: a knockout.

Von Weber: Four-Hand Piano Pieces (Arthur Gold, Robert Fildale; Columbia). A gifted romantic at his most melodious, Weber puts as much sweet pathos and lilting grace into these little charmers as he does into his more famed operas (*Der Freischütz*, *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*).

Other notable new releases:

Brahms's **German Requiem** (soloists, Frankfurt Opera Chorus and Orchestra and Museum Orchestra conducted by Georg Solti; Capitol, 2 LPs); Giuseppe Torelli's **Twelve Concerti, Op. 8** (Stuttgart Pro Musica String Orchestra conducted by Rolf Reinhardt; Vox, 3 LPs). Tchaikovsky's **Violin Concerto**, in fine performances by Jascha Heifetz and London's Philharmonia Orchestra under Walter Süsskind (Victor), and Zino Francescatti and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Dimitri Mitropoulos (Columbia); Prokofiev's **Violin Concerto No. 1** (Nathan Milstein and the St. Louis Symphony conducted by Vladimir Golschmann; Capitol); Mendelssohn's **Elijah** (soloists, choirs and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips; London, 3 LPs).

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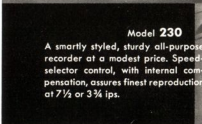
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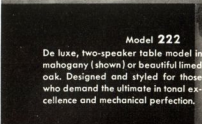
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Prediction of Bounty

After taking a long look at the U.S. economy, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks last week predicted: "We have a good chance of putting up the best year on record," better even than the record year of 1953. Basis for his prediction was the first-quarter record. Said Weeks: "It is clear from preliminary indications that the gross national product in the first



Associated Press

COMMERCE SECRETARY WEEKS
Up the peak.

quarter . . . was larger than any previous first quarter in our history."

The pace is continuing. While the first quarter's gross national product topped the old record for the period (1953's \$362 billion), the increasing tide of U.S. business in the last few weeks has pushed the annual rate very close to the alltime peak of \$372 billion, set during the second quarter of 1953.

In March the Federal Reserve Board's industrial production index climbed to 137 (1947-49=100), eleven points above a year ago and only one point shy of the alltime peak set in March 1953. Residential construction was one-third higher than in 1954's first three months, and business spending for new plants and equipment in the second quarter is going to increase so much that outlays for the year as a whole will be well ahead of last year.

Wall Street was just as bullish. The stock market usually declines around income-tax time as investors sell securities to pay their taxes. But last week the market rose every day. The Dow-Jones industrial average hit 425.25, up 7.25 points for the week and 5.77 points above the previous bull-market high in March.

First-quarter earnings continued good. Du Pont said that its first-quarter sales of \$470 million were 17% above a year

ago, and added that its earnings should show "at least as great" a gain. Monsanto reported that its first-quarter sales were 23% better than 1954, while earnings soared 59%. Meanwhile, automakers kept on smashing records. Last week's output was 206,458 cars and trucks, topping the high set during the previous week and totaling 66,834 more units than were produced in the same week last year.

Braking Time?

Like a doctor who finds a patient in good health but warns him against his tendency to overeat, some of the nation's economists have concluded that U.S. industry would be wise to curb its boundless appetite.

The Federal Reserve Board, noting that business borrowings for expansion are heavier than they have been since 1953, decided the time had come to apply a mild brake before the boom gets out of hand. The brake: a boost in the rediscunt rate from 1½% to 1¾%. Since this is the rate at which member banks borrow from the Federal Reserve, the rise will make it more expensive to do so. This is expected to act as a slight restraint on expansion plans, thus keep U.S. industry from spreading itself too thin.

The First National City Bank took a look at the two industries that have paced the boom, and warned: "One need not be a pessimist to see a decline ahead in automobile and steel output." At current production rates, said National City, automakers are turning out cars at a yearly rate of 9,000,000 units, almost 2,500,000 more than the most bullish estimate of 1955's production. As for steel, the bank noted that 26.0% of the industry's output is being taken by automakers, and cautioned: "Any setback in auto production will . . . cut considerably into steel output."

It cannot go on without a letup, said the bank. "At some point . . . [either] labor troubles, inventory adjustments or model changes . . . is likely to be a temporary source of weakness." The National Industrial Conference Board backed up this view: by midyear, "sales and production of 1955 models in the eight months since November 1954 will have come close to exhausting the 1955 model market." Furthermore, said N.I.C.B., it looks as if home building has reached "at least a temporary plateau" at 1,400,000 starts, meaning that the boom may get no additional lift from construction this year. And March steel production was so high that, for the first time since 1953, N.I.C.B. thought "a substantial degree of inventory rebuilding was occurring," thereby reducing one of the sources of demand that might take up part of the slack when automakers cut their buying. Even as these reports were being issued, metal prices began to sag a bit. Steel scrap, critically short a few weeks ago, fell \$2 a ton, and scrap copper declined 1½¢ to 2¢ a lb.

WASHINGTON

Shrinking Dairy Surpluses

Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson last week gave a progress report on his program to shrink the mountain of surplus U.S. dairy products by lower price supports and a huge giveaway program. Lower price supports so spurred consumption that Benson was able to cut new purchases of butter by 45%, of cheese by 66%, of dried milk by 21%. Under the



Joern Gerdtz

AGRICULTURE SECRETARY BENSON
Down the mountain.

giveaway program, the U.S. in 1954 distributed a total 1.7 billion lbs. of excess butter, cheese and dried milk, much of it free to welfare agencies at home and abroad, treble the amount disposed of in 1953. Together, the two projects reduced overall U.S. dairy surpluses by 54%; butter stocks went down by 35% (to 236,700,000 lbs.), cheese stocks by 30% (to 328,600,000 lbs.), and dried milk by 85% (to 86.3 million lbs.).

Aiding World Trade

At the inter-American economic conference in Rio last year, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey promised the free nations of the world that the Eisenhower Administration would back the idea of a sort of international RFC to lend to private enterprise abroad (TIME, Nov. 22). Last week the U.S. made good its promise. World Bank President Eugene Black proposed that an International Finance Corp. be chartered with \$100 million in capital, membership of the 56 nations that belong to the World Bank. Principal customers will be businessmen in underdeveloped countries who need capital but object to the meddling that comes with government-guaranteed World Bank loans. IFC will open its doors as soon as 30 nations have paid in \$75 million, probably next year.

TIME CLOCK

CORPORATIONS

Wolfson Takes a Round

To Louis Wolfson it was a key round in his fight for control of Montgomery Ward & Co. The Illinois Supreme Court ruled in a suit filed by Wolfson that Ward's staggered-director system, by which only three of the nine directors were elected each year, is unconstitutional. Thus the highest court in the state of Illinois upheld a lower court decision (TIME, Feb. 14) that all nine Ward directors must be elected each year, and wrecked Chairman Sewell Avery's built-in majority (i.e., six directors with unexpired terms) on the company's board of directors.

The staggered-director system overturned by the court violated the Illinois Corporation Act section on cumulative voting, i.e., a stockholder may cast one vote for each member of the board of directors or concentrate all the votes for one director. The purpose of cumulative voting, said the court, is "to afford a minority protection in proportion to its voting strength." But the staggered system cuts this protection. Thus, if all nine members of the board are elected each year, a minority holding 49% of the stock could elect only four. But if only three are elected every year, the minority "would be able to elect only one director at each election and could never have more than three directors on the board at one time." The traditional right of a majority is also "impaired," since the majority would have to "wait for two or three years" to get control of the company.

Claim & Counterclaim. Wolfson's court victory was no proof that he would win the proxy fight. Ward President Edmund Krider, who said that the company had spent \$125,000 on the fight so far, boasted that Avery had proxies for "well over 51% of the 6,700,000 shares outstanding." Therefore, said Krider, "There is no chance that Mr. Wolfson and his backers will elect a majority."

In Chicago's LaSalle Street, the betting gave Wolfson one or two seats on the Ward board, four at the most. The reason: brokers and investment counselors, who influence large blocks of stock held by their customers, have been scared off by Wolfson's swooping inroads on other corporations and by his latest proxy-fight tactics, e.g., showcasing baseball players and football coaches, making extravagant promises of dividends, etc.

"Big Fat Lie." In brokerage houses, the report persisted that Avery had got the proxies of investment trusts and other large stockholders on his promise to step down from the company's chairmanship after he wins the fight, and turn Ward's over to new, outside management. But Avery's closest backers denied the buzzing rumor. Said one: "Personally, I don't think he's ever going to resign."

As the showdown at Ward's annual meeting neared this week, Wolfson, who

PENNY-A-PACK BOOST is in store for smokers of king-size cigarettes. American Tobacco, Liggett & Myers, and Philip Morris have increased wholesale prices as much as 40¢ per 1,000 (to \$9.50), and retailers are expected to pass the boost on to their customers.

RADIO & TV PROBE by the Federal Communications Commission, likely for this year, will be the first full-scale look at the industry since the famed "chain broadcasting" investigation of 1938. FCC wants to take a close look at the economics and operation of the industry, especially the role played by sponsors, talent and ad agencies, has asked Congress for an \$80,000 appropriation as a starter. The House has approved the money; the Senate will probably consider it next month.

POLITICAL DUST-UP over CAB attempts to knock two small Alaskan airlines out of their profitable State-side routes (TIME, Jan. 3) has raised such a furor that CAB has now decided to let them alone. It will recommend that both Pacific Northern Airlines and Alaska Airlines continue to operate into Seattle and Portland along with the big lines, Pan American and Northwest.

BIGGEST CONVENTION HALL in the world, long a pet Chicago project, is now past the dream stage. After years of arguing about location and funds, the Illinois state legislature is almost certain to pass a bill creating a state authority to issue revenue bonds to build a \$34 million hall, with a 60,000-seat capacity, on the site of Chicago's 1933 fair. Construction is expected to begin in about a year.

WINTER-WHEAT FORECAST has the Agriculture Department worried. Estimates are that this year's crop will be down 17% from last year's 790,700,000 bu. and 25% below the ten-year average, largely because of acreage cutbacks and a severe drought in the Texas-Nebraska wheat belt. Agriculture Secretary Benson is

afraid that farmers will vote down controls this year, thus kick over high price supports in favor of higher acreage.

LIBERALIZED CONTRACTS for firms in defense work will permit companies to include such expenses as profit-sharing, severance pay, stock bonuses, and "pure" research in their costs. If approved by the Defense Department as expected, the new contract provisions will go into effect in 1956. They will apply automatically to all firms doing less than 25% of their work with the Government; companies with more than 25% of the total in defense work will be allowed to negotiate to have similar expenses included as "special contract provisions."

BOWLING MERGER is in the works between Brunswick-Balke-Collender, biggest in the field, and Detroit's Murray Corp., which recently got out of the auto-body business. Brunswick has developed an automatic pin setter, and Murray Corp. wants to buy control of the company to make it.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL Corp., fifth biggest in the U.S. (1954 sales: \$450 million), will soon get into the sodium phosphate (used in detergents) field if a merger deal works out. Olin is dickering to take over phosphatemaker Blockson Chemical Co. (1954 sales: \$29 million), possibly by acquiring a controlling interest in 1,000,000 shares (of a total 1,500,000 outstanding) of Blockson stock owned by President Louis Block and his family.

FORD PROFITS, always a tightly kept secret, will be made public for the first time this year, says Ford Chairman Ernest R. Breech. The move is being made in preparation for the public sale of Ford stock by the Ford Foundation, which holds 3,089,908 shares of non-voting class "A" common stock. The Ford family will still keep firm control of the company through 172,645 shares of class "B" voting stock.

INDUSTRY

Rhythm & Work

For years sociologists have wondered whether rhythmic movements on the assembly line are a help or a nervous strain on workers. In its last issue, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reports a study by British Psychologist P. C. Wason of 15 soap-wrappers working for Manchester soapmaker Cussons, Sons & Co. Ltd., who do a strange little jig to music piped in over the plant intercom. Wason's findings: jiggling on the job is a big help both in speed and efficiency. Write Wason:

"The movements consisted of a rhythmic swaying of the trunk backwards and forward, with rapid folding of the ends of the papers and tapping and shaking of the

HIRING THE HANDICAPPED

A Matter of Good Business

To keep pace with the expanding demands of consumers, U.S. industry needs a steadily increasing stream of skilled and productive workers. One great manpower pool that many businessmen have neglected is handicapped workers. In 1954, according to the American Federation of the Physically Handicapped, there were 7,000,000 Americans of working age who were severely handicapped—by blindness, the loss of a limb, by tuberculosis, epilepsy, or some other crippling disease. Of the total, only a relative few were permanently employed. But the estimates are that some 4,000,000 can eventually be rehabilitated and gainfully employed. Not only would rehabilitation lead them into happier lives, but with the increasing complexity of such U.S. industries as electronics and aviation, handicapped people can actually perform many skilled and delicate jobs better than able-bodied workers.

Dozens of public and private groups are already hard at work on the problem. President Eisenhower has set up a top-level committee to promote the hiring of physically or mentally handicapped. The Office of Vocational Rehabilitation is doling out \$30 million in Government aid to state agencies to help put the handicapped in jobs. Overall, some 60,000 disabled workers found jobs in industry in 1954, and the U.S. Government estimates that the number will jump 200% by 1959. But this will tap only a fraction of the potential manpower.

Many businessmen are frankly reluctant to hire the handicapped because they fear that such workers are prone to injury, will hurt themselves on the job and thus boost insurance compensation rates. The fears are largely groundless. Some state compensation laws make a company responsible for a worker's total disability, regardless of his previous injury. However, 42 states now have "second injury" funds which protect employers against paying total disability compensation for injuries to an already handicapped worker. But the biggest reason for the lag is that businessmen simply do not think that the handicapped are good workers.

Actually, a handicapped worker in the right job does just as well as his able-bodied neighbor. Says the National Association of Manufacturers, in its *Guide in Hiring the Physically Handicapped*: "In the past decade, production records of thousands of physically handicapped persons in industry indicate beyond any question that so-

called 'handicapped' workers are equal to—and in some instances better than—their able-bodied associates in such important factors as attendance, turnover, safety and productivity."

The records of individual companies bear out the N.A.M. In Dallas, Chance Vought Aircraft employs 297 disabled among its 12,500 workers. Heart cases work at tool design, polio victims as technical writers, amputees operate automatic machines and lathes. The company found that there is not only less malingering and absenteeism, but better production and greater safety consciousness among this group than in any other. Ford Motor Co.'s assembly plant in the same city has 600 handicapped workers in its 2,700-man work force. Says Personnel Manager John McKee: "After all, if a job can be done with one arm, why shouldn't an employer hire a man with one arm to do it?"

Few U.S. companies, big or small, create special jobs for the handicapped. Few have to. In Detroit, Chrysler has placed thousands of physically handicapped workers in good jobs since 1943, thoroughly tests each applicant for what he can do, then finds a job to fit. General Motors has the same type of system at its Dayton, Ohio Frigidaire plant. For example, an ex-punch-press operator who got tuberculosis of the spine checks for leaks in refrigerator units passing through a tank of water, a job that does not require him to stoop or twist.

With the increasing specialization of U.S. industry, more and more jobs are opening up for handicapped workers. What the handicapped lose in flexibility because of their disability, they make up by concentrating on a single job, or a few jobs, learning to do them better. Firestone has 150 deaf employees alone. Allis-Chalmers, IBM, Hughes Tool, Procter & Gamble, Bulova Watch Co., Eli Lilly (drugs) have all found use for handicapped workers; electronic firms such as RCA, Western Electric, General Electric are using them to assemble delicate TV and radar circuits. At Lockheed's big plant at Marietta, Ga., the company last year saved \$65,000 by employing a Griffin, Ga. workshop for the blind to pick over the factory sweepings, salvage thousands of tiny nuts, washers and screws that fell to the floor below its B-47 production line.

On the record, handicapped workers are pulling their own weight in U.S. industry, and there are millions more who are willing and able to hold down good jobs.

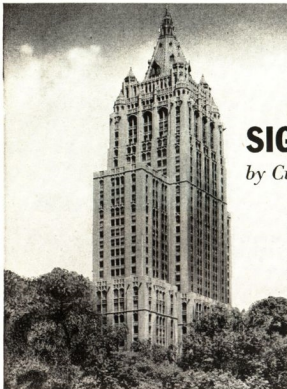
soap. Rotation of the head was also observed. These movements were absent in new employees . . . however, the habit gradually developed after training. It was found that the greater the jiggling the greater was the woman's efficiency . . . Rhythm is a help in any kind of repetitive work, and the rhythm in this occupation probably develops in an attempt to increase speed [since workers] are paid a bonus for work over a basic output. The newcomers, anxious to increase output, imitate the others and join in the jig. Some dislike it, others try to stop it, but without success . . . The correlation between jig and efficiency only means that working to rhythmic movements is more efficient than working without them."

What Price Gas?

Should the price of natural gas in the field be regulated by the Federal Government? Federal Power Commission Chairman Jerome Kuykendall and gas producers say no. They favor a bill by Arkansas' Democratic Representative Oren Harris that would free natural gas from regulation at the wellhead, thus overturn a U.S. Supreme Court decision of last June (TIME, June 14). Last week, at a House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee hearing on the bill, the representatives of more than a dozen utility companies called for federal regulation; they argued that the continuing increase in the cost of natural gas may price it out of the market.

First witness was Randall LeBoeuf Jr., counsel for Consolidated Edison Co. of N.Y. and spokesman for 15 other utilities serving 17,195,000 consumers from New England to Virginia. He said that producers are overcharging for gas, pointed out that they had raised prices as much as 20% since 1950. Distributors, said he, cannot predict the cost of natural gas even a year ahead, because they all sign escalator clauses permitting a producer to raise prices to match any increase by another producer in the same field. Utility companies, said LeBoeuf, are caught in the squeeze between rising wholesale prices from the pipelines (who gear their prices to producers' prices) and a ceiling on retail prices set by various state utility commissions. Said he: "Unless this trend of disorderly and unpredictable rate increases is halted, there is a serious danger that natural gas may be priced out of the market in the northeastern United States . . . It is our considered judgment that if the Harris bill were passed the consumers would be in a worse position than they are today."

Donald C. Luce, president of the Public Service Gas and Electric Co. of N.J., and Brooklyn Union Gas Co. President John Heyke Jr. backed up LeBoeuf, said that continued increases in wellhead rates would "price gas out of the home-heating market." But the committee did not seem impressed, especially by LeBoeuf's arguments. When he hinted that Consolidated Edison is so disturbed about the rising costs of natural gas that it is considering increasing its use of manufactured gas,



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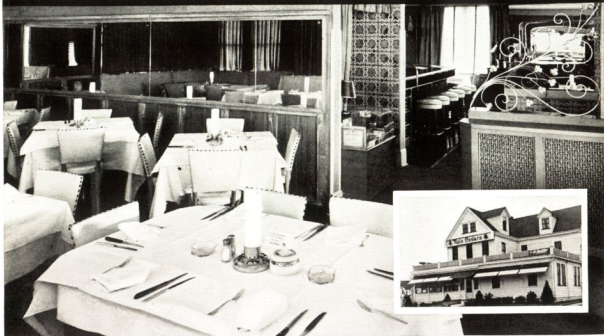
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A 10-ton G-E Packaged Air Conditioner brings modern efficiency to Twin Cedars restaurant, located on the first floor of a 75-year-old building (inset) in West Orange, New Jersey.

POPULAR RESTAURANT GETS 50% MORE BUSINESS WITH G-E AIR CONDITIONING

IT TAKES BOTH FOR EFFICIENT, LOW-COST AIR CONDITIONING



1 Installation by G-E-trained contractors. Ben Jaffe (left) of Benmar Conditionaire Corp., G-E dealers in Passaic, N. J., reviews details of installation with Bill Carmine, Twin Cedars' co-owner.



2 The best in packaged air conditioners. 3-15 ton capacity. Easily directed airflow. Muggy Weather Control. Modern, streamlined cabinets. 5-year warranty on new all-in-one refrigerating system covers both parts and replacement labor.

Sixteen-year-old Twin Cedars Steak House in West Orange, New Jersey, has dining areas seating 100. Wanted by Twin Cedars' owner-managers, Fred and Bill Carmine: an air conditioning installation that wouldn't use up a single square foot of dining space, interrupt business or require changes in the carefully planned decor.

A 10-ton G-E Packaged Air Conditioner does the job. Located out-of-space (in a convenient corner of the cellar), it feeds conditioned, filtered air to dining rooms, bar and foyer through concealed ducts ending in small but effective louvers placed high on walls. This G-E Packaged Unit not only cools in hot months, but freshens air all year 'round, removing cigarette smoke

and kitchen odors from dining areas.

Result for Twin Cedars 1954 gross business: an average monthly increase of 50%—big enough to encourage the owner to develop plans for doubling seating capacity!

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Don't let another sweltering summer hold down your profits. G-E Packaged Air Conditioners—specified and installed to meet your individual needs—will give you low-cost, dependable air conditioning *now*. So hurry—call your G-E dealer today (he's listed in your classified phone book) or write General Electric Company, Commercial & Industrial Air Conditioning Department, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

TIME, APRIL 25, 1955

Representative Harris scoffed. He cited Con Edison's own figures to show that before 1950 it paid seven times as much for manufactured gas as it does now for natural gas. Added Texas' Democratic Representative Walter Rogers: "I do not think that the records will show that [any saving] was passed on to the consumer. So I cannot have much sympathy for the crocodile tears that have been shed for the consumer."

By a new ruling, the U.S. Supreme Court last week added steam to the congressional pressure for the Harris bill. The court held unconstitutional state laws in Oklahoma and Kansas that permitted the states to set minimum prices for gas at the wellhead, thus protecting producers if FPC tried to set rates they thought too low. The court ruled that its decision last June gave FPC sole power over gas rates. Hardly had the court spoken when Texas gasmen went to work to find a way around the ruling. They asked the legislature to pass an "economic waste" bill that would empower the Texas Railroad Commission, which regulates and conserves gas and oil, to close down any field forced to sell gas at an economically wasteful price.

RAILROADS

Report from Robert Young

Financier Robert R. Young this week totted up the final cost of his proxy fight last year for control of the New York Central Railroad. The bill came to \$1,300,000 (v. the \$100,000 he had "hoped" it would cost). Young disclosed in a letter to stockholders for the Central's annual meeting in May. Although Young had roared loud and long, and even filed suit to stop the Central from using its funds to fight him, now he has changed his mind. He asked Central's shareholders to foot the entire cost of his fight. Said Young: "Your board has been persuaded . . . that it would be a discouraging precedent . . . for us to defray our own expenses."

Bob Young had also changed his mind in other ways. When he was trying for a foothold on the Central board, he came out foursquare for cumulative voting to give minor stockholders representation on the board, even boasted at the Albany meeting last year that he had voted 100,000 shares in favor of it. Now that he is in control, he has proposed that the shareholders reject cumulative voting just to make sure that those he has ousted cannot get a foot back in the door. The adoption of cumulative voting now, said Young, "might invite some of the previous directorate and management, or their numerous and powerful allies, to seek reinstatement with no other purpose than to keep us from achieving our goals."

For President Alfred E. Perlman, who has turned in a handsome performance at getting the Central back in the profit column, Young asked the stockholders to okay an option deal that would pay Perlman well for his efforts. Under the plan, Perlman would get options to buy 32,000



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the paint film on a steel sign and you get rust that ruins the metal. But aluminum licks corrosion problems so well that we don't even have to paint the backs of our signs."

In 12 years since Alcoa introduced aluminum signs, 28 states and countless cities have standardized on this tough, corrosion-resistant metal. Today, any community can share these advantages. Signs of Alcoa Aluminum are available from established sign manufacturers, and blanks can be obtained from 62 Alcoa Distributors. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 2190-D Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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You can put a billion of them on the head of a pin, but they're still the biggest thing in the world today—and still hold practically limitless possibilities for tomorrow.

That's why our Research Department decided to explore those possibilities for the benefit of investors—has just published its findings in a 32-page report that's yours for the asking.

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You'll find a thorough-going review on the problems of production . . . see why thorium, phosphates, and processing play a big part . . . read how the fortunes of 163 companies in everything from pharmaceuticals and food to transportation and power may be affected as the atomic age progresses.

If you'd like to have a much better idea of just where to stand on the investment opportunities in atoms, read "THE ATOM . . . AND INVESTORS." There's no charge for your copy, simply call or write—

Department S-30

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N.Y. Herald Tribune—James Kevallins

McGINNIS (CENTER) & FRIENDS ON ZOO TRAIN
Victory went to the man who wasn't there.

shares of Central stock at the market price last Oct. 20 (1944), when the deal was made. With Central now selling at 40, Perlman's option deal is already worth \$640,000.

Another for McGinnis

In Boston's North Station last week, at the annual meeting of the Boston & Maine Railroad, the most important man was not there. Absent was Wall Street financier Patrick B. McGinnis, who won control of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad a year ago and now was out after control of the B. & M. But he dominated the meeting nevertheless. Even before B. & M. officials counted the proxies, they were ready to admit defeat. Both Board Chairman Edward S. French and President Timothy G. Sughrue resigned in expectation of a McGinnis victory; they were afraid that if they stayed on and were fired, they would lose their pension rights. They acted wisely. In the counting, McGinnis and his group won easily, 273,237 v. 197,142.

The victory gave McGinnis and friends control of a road with 3,200 miles of track in New England and a 1954 operating profit of \$3,987,721. With the B. & M., McGinnis now controls 80% of all the railroad business in New England. In his corner in this fight, McGinnis had such prominent New Englanders as Burton M. Cross, former governor of Maine, and Francis P. Murphy, onetime governor of New Hampshire, plus Pierre ("Spike") Dumaïne, brother of Frederic ("Buck") Dumaïne, from whom McGinnis had wrested the New Haven. Spike Dumaïne, who felt that he had been forced to take a back seat in running the industrial empire left by his father, was boss of the New England Transportation Co., a bus subsidiary of the New Haven, when McGinnis took over. Spike stayed on and threw McGinnis his support in the fight

for the B. & M. As a reward, he was named a B. & M. director.

At an early meeting of the new board, McGinnis expects to be named president of the B. & M. If he is, he can count on trouble from the Interstate Commerce Commission. No one at the ICC could remember that the agency had ever let one man serve as chief executive of two major roads. Furthermore, the ICC last week started an investigation to determine if it should permit the McGinnis group even to control the B. & M. In a preliminary opinion, an ICC official held that McGinnis and friends are already violating the ICC act, which forbids one railroad to take over control of another without ICC permission.

At the annual meeting of the New Haven last week, Pat McGinnis strength-



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These figures rate cheers— and a warning



by

J.B. Clayton, Jr.
President

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION

Buried behind some rather fabulous figures that I'd like to quote is a thought that should give every homeowner real cause for reflection. But first—the figures.

During the past 5 years, the electric utilities have spent more than \$18 billion for new generating plants, new power lines and other new construction.

Add to this figure another \$4 billion being spent in 1955—plus billions more in the next few years to come—and you get a small idea of the tremendous job this industry is doing to keep ahead of America's zooming demands for more electricity.

When it comes to increased demand, the homeowner's right up front. Dangerously so—and here's why:

The average home today uses 55% more electricity than it did just 5 years ago... almost 3 times more than it did 15 years ago... almost 5 times more than it did 25 years ago.

Yet—and here's where the danger comes in—9 out of 10 home wiring systems being asked to supply this heavier load today were installed 5... 10... 15... 20 or more years ago.

That means most of us are asking our wiring to deliver far more power than it ever was designed to carry—a risky situation, as any inspector will agree.

What to do about it? Your power company recommends a check-up of your wiring by a qualified electrical contractor. And that's mighty sound advice.

Ask your NECA contractor to provide you with such a check-up. Why not look him up in the Yellow Pages of your phone book? National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D. C.

ened his hold on that road. To the eleven directors he elected when he first won control, he added another seven, giving him overwhelming control of the 21-man board. Buck Dumaine has apparently given up any hopes of winning back control of the road; he declined to stand for re-election, and for the first time since his father took over the New Haven railroad in 1948, there is no Dumaine on the board.

For stockholders McGinnis had good news. He expects that, with the general improvement in business, "net income will be around \$12 million, or \$3,000,000 greater than in 1954." He promised that there will be a cash or stock dividend this year for stockholders, who have received no dividends since 1931. One of the innovations that McGinnis hopes will boost revenues was unveiled last week as 2,500 New England children (and McGinnis himself) rode a special train to The Bronx zoo (see cut). But while profits were up, there was plenty of evidence that service, notably for commuters, was down. More and more commuters from Westchester County and Connecticut were finding their trains both overcrowded and late. In some instances in the past months, trains have crawled into Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal as much as one hour behind schedule on a run that was supposed to take only 30 minutes in the first place.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ J. Sinclair Armstrong, 39, a Chicago corporation lawyer before he became a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission in 1953, was named chairman of the SEC by President Eisenhower. Armstrong, a Harvard graduate ('38), got his law degree there in '41 and served as a Navy lawyer during World War II. He replaces Ralph H. Demmler, 50, chairman since 1953, who is returning to a private law practice in Pittsburgh. Andrew D. Orrick, 37, regional administrator of the SEC's San Francisco office, was nominated to fill the commission vacancy caused by Demmler's retirement and Armstrong's promotion.

¶ Brigadier General Kenneth E. Fields, 46, will become general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission on May 1, succeeding Major General Kenneth D. Nichols, 47, who resigned the post he has held since 1953 to hang out his own shingle in Washington as a consulting engineer. Fields began his career in atomic energy in 1945 as an assistant to Major General Leslie Groves, moving to the AEC in 1947, where he became director of military application.

ATOMIC ENERGY

Charter for Industry

The first set of ground rules for a civilian atomic industry were laid down last week by the Atomic Energy Commission. To get a license for 40 years or less to build and operate an atomic plant, a pri-

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So easy on the eyes!

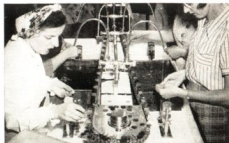
Yes, she's certainly easy on the eyes...and that dazzling sunshine is easy on *her* eyes, thanks to the protective filter in her sun glasses.

These easy-on-the-eyes sun glasses are a real boon to sun lovers, but they were a real challenge to production men.

To make them it is necessary to place a filter between two pieces of optically ground glass. Then, the glass layers have to be conveyed through a baking oven, and through washing and assembly operations. Heat—water—and assembly, a tough assignment for a conveyor.

The problem was solved with a CHAIN Belt Roller Chain operating on its side, and with special clips to hold the glass elements.

This case is typical of the assistance you can expect from CHAIN Belt Products and Engineers...to help provide the answer to cost, design or production problems. Write CHAIN Belt Company, 4798 West Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



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vate company must be experienced, safeguard the public from the dangers of fissionable material and agree to release the Government from liability for any and all damage resulting from the private licensee's use or possession of nuclear materials.

There will be no charge for the license and atomic plants producing electricity will come under the same regulatory agencies which now control other electric utilities. Manufacturers who do not build complete reactors, but only supply reactor components, will not have to be licensed.

If the AEC must limit licenses or choose between competing applicants, the commission will give top priority to public power or cooperative agencies in high-cost power areas. Next will come

private plants in high-cost areas followed by public or cooperative groups in lower-cost areas and finally all other public and private applicants.

The only part of the privately owned plants that will be Government property will be the reactors' fissionable material, which will be rented.* But the commission did not announce how much it will charge for the material. Later, the commission will issue other regulations covering 1) the workers who will operate the reactors, 2) administrative procedures, and 3) health and safety requirements for workers.

* The reactor being built by Westinghouse at Shippingport, Pa. will be fueled by a ten-ton core of uranium. Larger reactors of current design may use as much as 200 tons, which must be replaced every few years.

MILESTONES

Born. To Princess Josephine Charlotte, 27, sister of King Baudouin of Belgium, and Prince Jean, 34, heir apparent to the throne now occupied by his mother, Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg: their second child, first son; in Betzdorf Castle, Luxembourg. Name: Henri. Weight: 6 lbs. 10 oz.

Married. Corinne Calvet, 29, busty, French-born cinemactress (*So This Is Paris*); and Jeffrey Stone, 29, TV actor (*The Three Musketeers*); she for the second time, he for the first; in Tangier.

Died. Vice Admiral Lyman A. Thacker, 57, former chairman of the Joint Amphibious Board, World War II senior U.S. naval planner for the Normandy landings, commander of Amphibious Group 3 in the 1950-51 landings at Inchon and Iwon in Korea; of cancer; in San Diego.

Died. William A. Roberts, 57, president (since 1951) of Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co., member of President Eisenhower's five-man advisory committee on a national highway program; of a heart attack; in Milwaukee. In his 29 years with Allis-Chalmers, Bill Roberts served as salesman, agricultural sales manager of the tractor division and later its general manager, helped push the company from ninth among U.S. farm-equipment manufacturers to third.

Died. Vice Admiral C. A. F. ("Alpha-bet") Sprague, 59, veteran naval aviator, commander of the group of six escort carriers, three destroyers and four destroyer escorts that helped save the U.S. beachhead in the Philippines by turning back the bulk of the Japanese fleet in the Battle for Leyte Gulf in October, 1944; of a heart attack; in San Diego.

Died. Edgar Jonas Kaufmann, 69, president (since 1924) of Kaufmann's Department Store in Pittsburgh (which was merged with the May Department Stores

Co. in 1946), philanthropist, civic leader, fancier of modern homes (the most famous of his houses: Falling Water, the lavish \$90,000 Frank Lloyd Wright mountain retreat located at Bear Run, Pa., which features concrete slabs cantilevered over a waterfall); of a heart condition; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Died. The Rev. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, S.J., 74, world-renowned, French-born paleontologist, co-discoverer (in 1924) of the Peking man, the first actual remains of paleolithic man found in Asia; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Father Teilhard regarded the Peking man as an important link between the anthropoids and modern man, saw no contradiction between Roman Catholic doctrine and scientific evidence of man's animal origin. "The significant fact about man," he said, "is the coming of thought with and through him."

Died. General Peyton Conway March, 90, bearded, sharp-tongued World War I U.S. Chief of Staff; of complications resulting from a broken hip; in Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. West Pointer March, commissioned in 1888, served with distinction in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. He was General John Pershing's artillery commander on the Western Front when he was recalled to Washington in March 1918 to become Army Chief of Staff. To provide the men to meet the last massive German offensive, he got draft ages extended to 18 and 45, in eight months swelled the American Expeditionary Force from 300,000 to more than 2,000,000 men. Scornful of political protocol, he alienated many Congressmen, retired in 1921, regarding himself as one of the "forgotten men" of World War I. He reappeared in the news in 1932 when he published his book, *The Nation at War*, which sniped at General Pershing for faulty leadership, preposterous supply demands and failure to understand French military policy.



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The Remotaire is fine for use in modernization and new construction alike. These compact room units can be installed free-standing or recessed in the wall to save floor space. Their handsome steel cabinets can be painted to match any room interior.

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CINEMA

Who Pays the Alimony?

In Hollywood, Warner Bros. announced that it had signed a contract with ABC to produce 39 hour-long film shows for Tuesday-night showings next fall. Based on three oldtime Warner hits, *Casablanca*, *King's Row*, and *Cheyenne*, the series allots Warner six minutes per show to plug current pictures, gives ABC a major source of weekly readymades. The on-again-off-again love affair between TV and the moviemakers is plainly on again.

Simple economics served as shotgun to the merger. Television has knocked out Hollywood's staple product, the inexpensive cops-and-robbers "B" picture. Since 1950, moviemakers have turned to fewer (by 39%) and bigger movies, leaving highly paid cameramen, contract actors and a horde of stagehands in the slack time. Warner's venture was only the latest. Among the others:

¶ Columbia Pictures, facing up to the dollars-and-cents facts of its overhead, decided to grind out this year some 390 TV films, e.g., *Ford Theater*, *Father Knows Best*, *Rin Tin Tin*. The studio makes about \$7,000,000 worth of TV films a year (as compared to \$80 million for its regular theater releases).

¶ Republic and Monogram, once standard "B" producers, have turned almost entirely to TV film-making.

¶ 20th Century-Fox is spending \$2,000,000 to prepare for TV deals much like Warner's. One planned series will be based on refurbished oldies, e.g., *My Friend Flicka*.

¶ Universal-International, M-G-M and Paramount are watching the competition with an accountant's eye. Said U.-I.'s President Milton Rackmil: "Any decision [to plunge into TV] hinges on the profits."

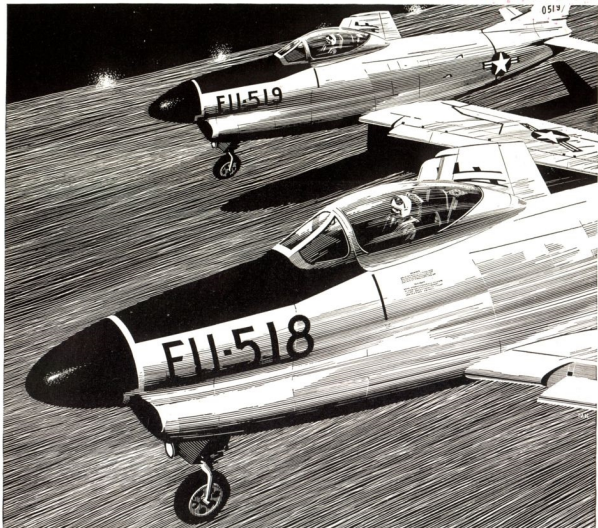
Major clue to Hollywood's interest in TV deals lies in the booming success of ABC's tie-in with Walt Disney (*TIME*, Dec. 27). Since its start last October, *Disneyland* has been in the top ten in the Nielsen ratings; one of its songs, *The Ballad of Davy Crockett*, is a frequent No. 1 on the *Hit Parade*. Plugged on the TV show, Disney's movie *20,000 Leagues under the Sea* is the nation's top-grossing picture, all without much added overhead. Said Walt's businesslike brother Roy: "Going into TV was the obvious thing. After all, our staying out isn't going to kill it. There was a lot of exhibitor animosity, but you might as well try to kill off night baseball."

The New Pictures

Mambo (Ponti De Laurentiis; Paramount) is offered as "the exalting story of a slum girl who attains integrity through her experiences with men and her love of the dance." Still, it might be advisable to have a look at the picture before showing a print to the kiddies.

Giovanna (Silvana Mangano) is a Venetian shopgirl. In the daytime she dis-

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Latest in North American's famous Sabre family is the new F-86K, cannon-armed sister of the F-86D, which is now in production and will soon join NATO forces in Europe's air defense. Both the "D" and "K" are prime examples of North American Aviation's unsurpassed ability to design and produce the planes to meet America's defense needs.

Research and development keep North American foremost in aircraft, rocket engines, guided missiles, electronics and peaceful applications of atomic energy.



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plays her glamorous glass for the customers; at night she is ready for broader interests. But Mario (Vittorio Gassman), her boy friend, is primarily interested in a phony buck, any way he can get it. When Silvana meets a no-count count (Michael Rennie), Vittorio sees his chance to do some three-cushion pipping. In the upshot Silvana gets drunk at a costume ball, has an experience with the count: "It was daybreak before I could leave—humiliated—disgusted . . . I didn't know where I could hide—where I could run to."

The manager (Shelley Winters) of a mambo troupe (actually Katherine Dunham's) suggests that Silvana go along with them. Says Shelley: "This girl has a very



SILVANA MANGANO

Counted out by a no-count count.

important talent"—for the dance, she means, but she is mistaken. Silvana mamboes like a self-conscious tourist. Her real talent is her uncanny beauty, all cool glow and rich simplicity, and a sensational figure. Then, too, it takes no little skill to read with a straight face such lines as those with which this picture concludes: "There was left to me only what I had learned through love, heartache, and a rich but tragic love—that, and my talent as a dancer. Perhaps, in . . . the absorbing world of the mambo, I could find forgetfulness . . ."

The Impostor (Shochiku; Brandon Films). Three Japanese films shown in the U.S. since the war—*Rashomon*, *Ugetsu*, *Gate of Hell*—were made, and made superbly, to win world prestige for the Japanese product. *The Impostor* was made for the folks back home who have a yen for the movies. The difference is startling. The other three often had the exquisiteness of

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Hokusai prints brought to life. *The Impostor*, far more popular at the Japanese box office, has the look of a grade A Hollywood costume adventure that was shot with an almond-eyed camera.

The story opens in a geisha house, where lies "the bored baron" (Utaemon Ichikawa), the D'Artagnan of Japanese fiction, too bored even to bother with the dish that has been laid before him—and it isn't *sukiyaki*. Enter a messenger: a pretender to the throne has appeared. Is he or is he not the emperor's true son and heir? The baron will find out—or will he? Boinging! A knife sprouts in a post beside his head. Swish! Thirty assassins, black-robed like torturers in medieval Europe, jump out of the rhododendrons at him. Snick-snack! The baron, an ineffable swordsman, puts them easily to flight. But alas, the rogues make off with the Lady Kikuiji (Keiko Kishi), the baron's sister, and hold her in the Nipponese equivalent of durance vile (same thing, except that the jailer's whip is made of bamboo).

In brief, Director Tatsuo Osonoe has been able to match Hollywood at every point except two—the high-necked kimono is more resistant to bosomy uplift than the Boston board of censors. But along with cues from the U.S., Osonoe provides some fascinating clues to the Japanese taste and popular spirit. In one scene, for instance, a sort of Japanese Bobby Clark (Shunji Sakai) muddles interminably with some chicken droppings in the baron's parlor; in Japan this was a sure laugh-getter. And then at the end, when the slamming samurai has foiled the villain and won his lady love (Kuniko Ikawa), do they leap into each other's arms? Not at all. The hero rides sadly away, and the sound track sings to the heroine: "Your hawk has flown away . . . / The bold, dark bird that dare not dwell by your side / That fears no enemy, nor pain, nor danger / Yet dreads the wound of the shining sword of love." Tennyson would have loved it.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Marty. The love story of "a very good butcher"; home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well found by playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed, Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Oscar-winning Actress Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

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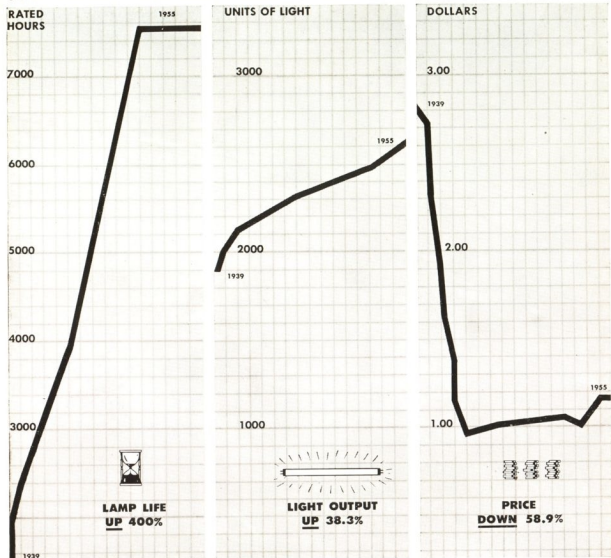


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BOOKS

The Half World

THE EMIGRANTS (282 pp.)—George Lamming—McGraw-Hill (\$3.75).

Seen from a ship or an airplane, the islands of the West Indies look like the approaches to paradise. Ashore, the tourist quickly learns that many of the most intelligent natives spend a lot of time figuring out ways and means to escape from their Eden. The best fictional introduction in years to their state of mind was Barbadian George Lamming's *In the Castle of My Skin* (TIME, Nov. 9, 1953), a poetic memoir of island youth that plotted the colored man's course from careless innocence to gnawing discontent. In *The Emigrants*, a boatload of the discontented are on their way to England and a better break. For most of them, the break comes in the heart.

Aboard their slow ship, the islanders have plenty of time to talk things over. Many of them expect to study and learn trades. For, as Higgins, a former stoker, puts it: "Education an' qualification an' distinction is the order o' de day." Higgins is heading for a cooks' school, hopes to wind up in the galley of the *Queen Mary*. Collis wants to be a writer. Dickens expects to get a teaching job. But one Trinidadian, known simply as Strange Man, scoffs at education as a "rope they givin' you to hang yuhself wid." His own reason for emigrating is simple: "Well, 'tis simply because ah little tired. Ah sick, bored."

London, for these island innocents, becomes the arena of a bitter struggle for survival. They face race discrimination, a housing shortage, a shortage of jobs. Before long, the air is heavy with bitterness. Says one Jamaican: "If ever there's any

fightin' in our parts o' de world, we'd be nastier to the English than to any one, because we'd be remembering that for generations an' generations we'd been offerin' them a love they never even try to return."

Author Lamming himself has done better than most Indies emigrants. Not yet 30, he has been a BBC broadcaster, his writing has been widely praised, and he is now in the U.S. on a Guggenheim Fellowship. *The Emigrants* fails to get the most out of its characters and a world they never made. But it is rich in atmosphere and a sense of tragedy, again proves that Author Lamming has a virtuoso's ear for catching the rhythms of island speech. Half-white, half-Negro himself, he knows better than most writers what it means to live and dream in a half-and-half world.

The American Dilemma

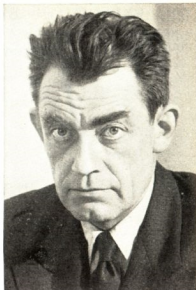
THE DIGNITY OF MAN (338 pp.)—Russell Davenport—Harper (\$4).

At the close of World War II, when the victorious armies of West and East met and momentarily fraternized, a U.S. correspondent asked a Russian officer over lunch what he thought the war was all about. Replied the Russian: "*Svoboda* [Freedom]!"

The correspondent never forgot that answer. Journalist Russell Davenport, who in 1940 had quit his job as *Fortune's* managing editor to direct Wendell Willkie's presidential campaign, was also a poet (*My Country*) and philosopher. To his brooding, deep-thrusting mind, the exchange with the Red army man summarized "the predicament of the free world." It drove him back to the first values of his existence, and led him finally to draft this book. *The Dignity of Man* (finished by his widow and several journalist friends after "Mitch" Davenport died last year at 54) is a searching inquiry into the greatness as well as the failures of America.

Fear of Nothing. When Communist dictators claim *Svoboda* as their own, when Communist slave masters accuse capitalism of slavery, Americans blame "Communist propaganda." But, Davenport points out, the trouble is deeper than that. For Communist propaganda appeals to "human universals" in the name of a new view of man—materialist, dialectical man. "Our enemy is not any particular nation. It is not any particular army. It is not even any particular form of government. It is this Idea of Man."

The U.S. finds itself frustrated in fighting this idea to the extent that the U.S. itself shares it. If often since the war the U.S. has stood more or less speechless before mankind, unable "to breathe life into what we ourselves believe." The failure is not merely one of propaganda, political warfare or communication—it lies in America's own philosophical tradition, in its unlimited faith in material progress and its excessive optimism about



Nina Leon-Life

AUTHOR DAVENPORT
Trouble over "Svoboda."

human nature. Faith, not so much in pure science, but in social doctrines that falsely lay claim to being scientific—Davenport aptly calls them metascience—led Western man to apply mere quantitative measurements to all things. Marxism, as Davenport analyzes it, is grounded in just such metascience, plus 18th-century philosophical absolutism, i.e., the belief that a universal human order should, if necessary, be forced on mankind with the help of guillotine or firing squad.

If the U.S. opposes Communism entirely on its own materialist ground and with its own materialist weapons, e.g., by basing policy chiefly on economic appeals and military force, the U.S. will lose, because "if the materialistic-naturalistic thesis is correct, then the case for Communism is stronger than the case for the free way of life." For liberty and the "dignity of man," thought Davenport, are meaningless unless sanctioned by God.

All of this has been said before by others, but rarely so well or with the eloquence of a poet who could write:

It is Nothing that we must fear: the thought of Nothing:

The sound of Nothing in our hearts . . .

Overwhelming Task. There are vital differences between Davenport and others who have had similar insights. Dissatisfaction with military and economic weapons does not lead him to conclude that such weapons should be abandoned: "Without them the entire free world would be exposed." Distrust of the faith in progress does not lead him to assert that it should be discarded, for it has "become vital to the health—indeed to the survival—of modern civilization . . . In terms of human destiny we are committed to the optimistic tradition." It is America's special task—"of truly overwhelming proportions"—to find its own synthesis between faith in progress and



Brian Seid

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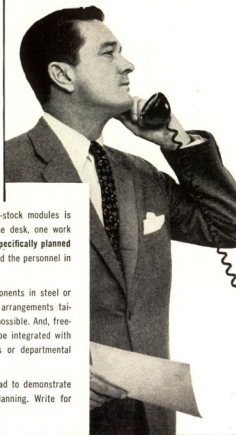
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awareness of its limitations; to learn "how to inquire into the nature and destiny of man in a new way . . ." The new way will lie not in "adjustment" to the outer world, but in the realm of man's inner world, which links him mysteriously and universally to his fellow men.

Yet, in turn, this vision of spiritual (rather than merely social) brotherhood did not lead Davenport toward mysticism. Right reason is still man's supreme weapon: "The Thomist doctrine, that Reason is the handmaiden of Faith, has never really been overthrown." Where does such faith-with-reason lead America? Davenport did not live long enough to give more than clues to an answer. One clue lies in his feeling that the conflict between old-fashioned American individualism and the modern pressures for the welfare state need not (perhaps should not) be resolved, but kept in equilibrium: that this very balance, this state of tension, itself is freedom.

Another clue lies in an insight, admittedly unfinished, on how the U.S. should face Communism: "At the total level the Communists will beat us every time, because they can totalize ruthlessly and process man to the pattern they desire. But at the person-to-person level we shall always beat them, because at that level we have something to give that they cannot match. We have the fundamental proposition of our Revolution to give: that man is the child of Nature's God; that he carries within him a spark that links him with the universe and differentiates him from the animals . . . By practicing person-to-person democracy we can teach the world to see in every individual that individual spark which gives to the principles of freedom a godlike validity."

Jewish Mark Twain

THE GREAT FAIR (306 pp.)—Sholom Aleichem—Noonday (\$3.75).

This is an appealing little autobiographical sketch, now published in English, by a writer who was as close to the folk stream of East European Jewish life as blintzes and borscht. In countless stories (*The Old Country*, *Adventures of Mottel*) he humorously chronicled the bittersweet life of the late 19th-century eastern ghettos—pious, self-contained, but poised on the brink of a new Diaspora to Western Europe and America.

Born Solomon Rabinowitz, and raised in the little village of Voronko, Russia, the hero of *The Great Fair* is a "pretty boy with fat red cheeks," who can convulse his playmates by mimicking the rabbi's manner of taking snuff, or bring a glint of pride to his bearded father's eyes by citing chapter and verse in a Bible exam. Since he is more prankster than scholar, Sholom's boyhood sometimes seems like a parade of cuffs, slaps and beatings. As one observer has pointed out, "the Jews of Eastern Europe considered childhood a phase to be got over as quickly as possible, a sort of malignant disease, the curing of which justified the use of any means." But before he is



HUMORIST ALEICHEM

"Always disobey your parents."

cured. Sholom pals around with a scampish set of Jewish Huckleberry Finns: Shmulik the Orphan, Gergeleh the Thief, and Feivel the Lip. The boys glory in three maxims: 1) "Always disobey your parents," 2) "Be sure to hate your teacher," 3) "Never fear the Lord."

His death in 1916 prevented Author Aleichem from carrying his boyhood story over the threshold of manhood, but even as it stands, *The Great Fair* is a charmingly apt epitaph for the Yiddish Mark Twain.

TV in Print

TELEVISION PLAYS (268 pp.)—*Paddy Chayefsky*—Simon & Schuster (\$3.75).

Not so long ago—perhaps the life span of a single picture tube—it would have seemed presumptuous to put a batch of TV scripts between hard covers, somewhat like sending Milton Berle's headgear to the Smithsonian. But some TV drama has been getting astonishingly good in recent years, and one writer who helped make it so is a young (32) New Yorker named Paddy Chayefsky. Even off the TV screen and in cold print, these six plays are surprisingly entertaining, certainly better than a great many literary short-story collections. The Chayefsky characters come alive without the help of actors and sets (or commercials), and the best of them flash an image into the reader's mind that is not easily switched off.

As he has shown in his famous TV play *Marty*, recently made into a movie, (TIME, April 18), Author Chayefsky is a small poet of the big-city block: his world is made up of bars, butcher shops and subways, the gasoline-poisoned little parks, the dim flats with their installment-plan elegance. The people he has put into these surroundings have troubles rather than tragedies. Chayefsky himself defines their limitations when he says aptly of one

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Oil and Man's Quest for Freedom

By COURTNEY C. BROWN, Ph. D.
Dean, Graduate School of Business,
Columbia University

Over the centuries man's efforts to live better and, at the same time, enjoy more leisure, have been part of his quest for freedom to develop culturally and politically. In earlier years the few in power usually secured this freedom and leisure by enslaving the many. As time has gone by, alternative means of supplying energy for man's work, more compatible with human freedom, have been developed.

Wind, animals, wood, water, coal, natural gas and petroleum have supplied the power to make our modern way of life possible. The petroleum industry is entitled to a proud place in this progression of sources of energy. In the last half century its contribution to energizing the world's work, and making it more mobile, has been spectacular.

America's oil industry, with its companies large and small, with

its local, state, national and international operations, with its geologists, engineers, financiers and marketers, is a striking example of free men voluntarily contributing their talents and efforts to a socially useful purpose.

The ingenuity, courage and adaptability of the industry is made possible by its voluntary nature. Those who are in the industry are there because they like it. They like the opportunity to be right or wrong, to compete with their fellows, to try new ways of doing things. And, of course, they like the just rewards a man can earn in the oil business.

Out of the restless and insistent stirring that characterizes the petroleum industry has come more

than crude oil and its products. Many advanced methods of business administration have had their experimental start and later development in the oil companies. The development of workable, competitive relationships among large and small companies within the industry has been a daily task. Questions of national interest on conservation of our natural resources have generally been answered successfully within the oil industry. In its operations abroad, lessons have been learned of commercial and industrial diplomacy to complement our nation's political diplomacy.

As a supplier of essential energy, the petroleum industry has proved itself in the past and present . . . and promises an expanding future. As an energizer of men's thoughts and a contributor to freedom, it will continue to play an increasingly important role.

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play: "It tells a small story about a familiar character and pursues [it] with relentless literalness to one small synthesized moment of crisis." But these crises rarely fail to move, and the characters are so real that it hurts. Among them:

¶ Joe Manx, a builder and once a big shot who still dreams of *The Big Deal* that will make him rich again, but in the end comes to understand his wife when she says: "Joe, we don't want a million dollars from you . . . We just want to have you around the house. We like to eat dinner with you. We like to see your face."

¶ A touching old widow, *The Mother*, cannot resign herself to a useless limbo amid gabbing, useless old women and struggles to find work in a New York garment factory.

¶ Charlie, a young New Jersey husband who, during *The Bachelor Party* given for a friend about to marry, briefly rebels against the monotony and monogamy of his life. But after a night out in New York, trying to find gaiety in the city of dreadful joy, Charlie goes home, smiling happily in the dirty dawn.

In Chayefsky's simple dramatic formula, the burden weighing on a character usually has a counterpoise, e.g., Joe Manx lives in the past, but if he goes on doing it he will endanger his child's future; the Mother desperately tries to keep her job at the sewing machine, but the boss who eventually fires her has to struggle just as desperately to keep his business going. Perhaps Chayefsky's greatest merit as a writer is that he has an unerring ear for speech and an uncanny ability to give plain people solemn or even noble things to say without making them sound solemn or noble. From the author's interesting if sometimes pompous notes, the reader will learn a great many technical details about the TV business, including the TV writer's pay (from \$300 to \$3,000 per script), which Chayefsky indignantly denounces as practically on the sweatshop level.

Chayefsky thinks that in its hunger for new material "TV is an endless, almost monstrous, drain." But if the slice-of-life style of TV drama ever begins to wear thin (as in the end it must), it will always be possible to turn off the set and read Chayefsky. It is good reading about good people who have the kind of dignity that is gropingly expressed by one character when he says: "So you see, dogs like us, we ain't such dogs as we think we are."

The Unchangeable Heart

CHILDREN OF THE BLACK-HAIRED PEOPLE (435 pp.)—Evan King—Rinehart (\$5).

THE RICE-SPROUT SONG (182 pp.)—Eileen Chang—Scribner (\$3).

These two novels pierce the wall that China's Red conquerors have raised against the West, and open again to U.S. readers the unchangeable heart of China's country people. Robert Ward, who writes under the pen name Evan King, is a onetime U.S. career diplomat, translator of 1945's *Rickshaw Boy*, and one of those already vanishing Americans who know China right

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down to its "grass and ashes." Eileen Chang is a Chinese woman who made her way to Hong Kong in 1952 and has now written her first novel in English. The two books eloquently suggest that individual dignity, love and loyalty are still as prized as life itself among China's villagers.

Love & Slavery. *Children of the Black-Haired People* is a big novel set in a northern village almost 30 years ago, when the Kuomintang's revolution was sweeping China. It tells the touching story of a young peasant who falls in love with a slave girl, the chattel of the village sorceress. The lovers finally marry—on the very day that word comes from the south that Chiang Kai-shek's army is stamping out slavery. More than a love story, this is the story of the ancient Shansi village, down to the last crumbling privy and skinny locust tree. The officials, harlots, scholars, gossips, pawnbrokers, bell ringers and cane-carrying sports stroll about, scheming and smiling to the life.

Against the audacious newlyweds the old sorceress and the village rulers launch all the cunning cruelties of private spite and public oppression. In the end the young couple are driven away to start family life anew. Every now and then, the author halts for scholarly discourses on the origins of Chinese demonology, the philosophy of "squeeze," Lao Tzu's yin-yang principle, the significance of small boys' urinating contests. But even these lectures do not quite spoil the lovers' story, and they embellish the richly colored picture of village life.

Slavery & Hate. Eileen Chang's novel—the better of the two books—is set in a later period, amid another revolution: the Communist revolution, which reintroduced slavery in a far more terrible form. *The Rice-Sprout Song* is a biting winter's tale of village famine under the Reds. Marriages are still contracted with the old smiling decorum, housewives still hang washing on village boundary stones, and a head man still rules. But now the head man is a Communist bureaucrat. This agrarian reformer has parceled out land among the peasants, then levied so harsh a grain tax that the new owners are left with rice enough for only the thinnest daily gruel. On top of that, he sets the famished villagers to making shoes for the troops in Korea. When he calls on his people to butcher their pigs and sacrifice their precious grain to make New Year's cakes for soldiers' families, the villagers' hatred erupts. They rush the People's rice storehouse. The People's militia fires. Many fall. Others run. At that point the novel closes in on one worker's wife, and her story comes to symbolize the suffering and the lingering defiance of her country.

The young wife has lost her husband in the day's massacre. That night, dry-eyed and silent, she sets fire to the warehouse and dies in the flames. The survivors dance the rice-sprout song, dazed but ready as their ancestors to plant the new crop and start the round of another village year. Mordant if melodramatic, this is perhaps the most authentic novel so far of life under the Chinese Communists.



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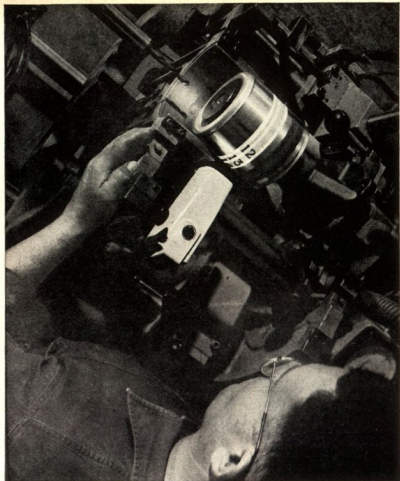
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MISCELLANY

Mothers' Day. In El Centro, Calif., after 200 eager mothers surged through rope barriers at the city's annual Easter egg hunt and picked the field clean while waiting youngsters went eggless, harried Junior Chamber of Commerce Events Chairman Bob Schwantz announced that he was planning, for 1956, a special hunt just for mothers.

The Animal Kingdom. In Milwaukee, after carefully teaching two baby elephants to step on and off a small platform 18 inches high, Animal Trainer Robert Bierwirth blithely tried it himself, slipped, fractured his left ankle.

Flight Plan. In Green Bay, Wis., State Reformatory Inmate Robert Toth, 18, volunteered for civil defense ground observer duty, quickly abandoned his midnight post to sneak to the reformatory plumbing shop, put together 20 feet of pipe sections, scaled the wall and disappeared into the night.

Upstaged. In Cincinnati, Cowboy Kenneth Hooper lost a \$5,250 damage suit in which he alleged that Photographer Jackson Storey had circulated a picture which depicted Hooper's horse more favorably than it did Hooper.

Conditioned Reflex. In Delaware, Ohio, after five inmates escaped from the Girls' Industrial School, Superintendent Mrs. Evelyn Ethell reluctantly explained that they had been left unguarded so that a visiting psychologist might study them unhampered.

Challenge Accepted. In Memphis, five delegates to a Key Club convention discussing "Vandalism: A Challenge to Youth" were fined \$16 each for throwing a mirror and chair out of a window of the Hotel King Cotton.

Dividend. In Indianapolis, Criminal Court Judge Saul I. Rabb rejected a request that the jury members in a robbery case be examined by a psychiatrist, commented: "There's no statutory requirement that a juror be sane."

I Feel the Spirit. In Salisbury, Md., Earl McGlotten, 53, was sentenced to 30 days in jail after the Rev. Daniel Quillen, pastor of the San Domingo Methodist Episcopal Church, reported that during a Sunday-morning service McGlotten strolled about shaking hands with parishioners, repeatedly sang *Throw Out the Life Line*, and occasionally stepped out to his car for a nip of wine.

Trial Offer. In Media, Pa., Magazine Solicitors Nita Eubank and Joan Doyle were charged with larceny and false pretenses after detectives testified that Pig Farmer Stanley Blosinski had signed three checks for \$1,752, ordering enough magazines "to last him 150 years."

IT TAKES PULL
TO WIN THIS

Siamese Tug of War

1 "Only a bulldozer can match the power of a squealing, trumpeting elephant fresh from Siam's jungle," writes Bert Torrance, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Elephants are broken in to haul teakwood when they're 15 or 20 years old. But at a logging camp I visited, they'd caught a big bull of 35. As I watched, the giant tusker broke loose. I ran to help and found myself in a real tug of war.



2 "Less rambunctious after we showed him who was boss, the 4-ton pachyderm resigned himself to captivity in the stockade. In a few years, he and the other tusked tractors would all be in harness.



3 "My strenuous efforts were rewarded when a civilized elephant, under orders from his mahout, presented me with a bamboo clapper. Native beaters use these clappers to drive the jumbos out of the jungle. It was a nice prize, but I didn't have room in my gear to take it with me.



4 "Touring sawmills in Bangkok last month, the trainer brought me my clapper. I showed my appreciation at the Oriental Hotel with Canadian Club.

5 "It's probably a myth that elephants never forget, but I know I'll never forget all the times I've enjoyed Canadian Club everywhere I've traveled." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

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